



Geo. W. Patterson

The Londonderry Celebration.

EXERCISES

ON THE

150th ANNIVERSARY OF THE SETTLEMENT

OF

OLD NUTFIELD,

COMPRISING THE TOWNS OF

LONDONDERRY, DERRY, WINDHAM, AND PARTS OF MAN-
CHESTER, HUDSON AND SALEM, N. H.,

JUNE 10, 1869.

COMPILED BY ROBERT C. MACK.

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1870.

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PRELIMINARY.

At the annual meeting of Derry, March, 1868, the selectmen of that town were instructed to appoint a committee to make arrangements, in coöperation with Londonderry, for the observance of the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the settlement of the towns, united at first under the name of Nutfield, 1719, and three years later, at the time of incorporation, under the name of Londonderry. In obedience to the above instructions, the selectmen appointed George F. Adams, Henry E. Eastman, Charles C. Parker, James C. Taylor and James H. Crombie. Alfred Boyd, James Priest and William D. White, were afterwards added.

At the November election, 1868, the town of Londonderry chose for a committee, Robert C. Mack, Jonathan McAllister, Daniel Wilkins, John Gilcreast and John Dickey. To these were subsequently joined Henry Crowell and Montgomery Dickey. James A. Weston, Samuel N. Bell, John D. Patterson and George W. Pinkerton served on the committee, under appointment of the City Council of Manchester, and Samuel Campbell and George W. Weston represented Windham.

The Committee of Arrangements, thus constituted, met December 9, 1868, and organized by choice of George F. Adams as Chairman, R. C. Mack, Secretary, and Jonathan McAllister, Treasurer.

At subsequent meetings, the 10th of June, 1869, was fixed upon as the day for the proposed celebration, and Derry Depot the place.

The committee selected, with entire unanimity, the Hon. George W. Patterson, of Westfield, New York, for President of the day, and the Hon. Charles H. Bell, of Exeter, N. H., to make the leading address. The ability of Mr. Patterson, his commanding presence and his extensive acquaintance, in union with full sympathy with the objects of the celebration, indicated him to be the man for the occasion; and it seemed to the committee eminently proper and right that the selection of Orator should come from a family which had contributed so much to the old and later renown of the ancient town.

Rev. E. G. Parsons, of Derry, Henry E. Eastman and the Secretary, were designated to arrange a programme for the exercises of the day, and to invite speakers. The latter was a matter of some delicacy, as the selection was to be made from a very large number of distinguished men who were expected to be present, and who could appropriately instruct and entertain the audience.

After careful consideration, letters of invitation were addressed to the following named gentlemen, nearly all of whom signified acceptance:

Hon. James W. Patterson, of Hanover, N. H.; Rev. John H. Morrison, of Milton, Mass.; Hon. Elias Haskett Derby, of Boston, Mass.; Rev. James T. McCollom, of Medford, Mass.; Hon. Horace Greeley; Hon. George W. Morrison, of Manchester, N. H.; Rev. Rufus Anderson, D. D., of Boston; Hon. Aaron F. Stevens; Rev. Samuel H. Taylor, LL. D., of Andover, Mass.; Hon. George W. Nesmith, of Franklin, N. H.; Rev. Nathaniel Bouton, D. D., of Concord, N. H.; Hon. Wm. W. Campbell, of Cherry Valley, N. Y.; Rev. Cyrus W. Wallace, D. D., of Manchester, N. H., and Rev. Dr. Martin Anderson, of Rochester, N. Y.

Rev. Dr. Daniel Fitz, of Ipswich, Mass.—since gone to his reward—was selected to offer prayer.

Invitations to be present were extended to the Amoskeag Veterans, the City Government of Manchester, N. H., the Mayor and Aldermen of Londonderry, Ireland, etc., and some three thousand cards of invitation were sent to individuals in various parts of the country, a fac-simile of which may be found on the succeeding pages.

NUTFIELD, APRIL 11, 1719, O. S.



1869.

LONDONDERRY, DERRY, WINDHAM, MANCHESTER

WILL RECEIVE THEIR FRIENDS AT DERRY,

THURSDAY, JUNE 10th, 1869.

150th ANNIVERSARY OF SETTLEMENT.

"Should auld acquaintance be forgot."—BURNS.

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS.

Robert C. Mack
Sona McAllister,

Daniel Wilkins
John Gilcreast

John Dickey
Henry Crowell
M. Dickey

Geo. F. Adams
W. C. Eastman

Charles C. Parker

James C. Taylor

James H. Crombie

Alfred Boyd

James Priest

S. N. Bell

James A. Weston

John D. Patterson

Geo. W. Pinkerton

Samuel Campbell

Geo. W. Weston

THE CELEBRATION.

THE ringing bells and the booming cannon announced to the citizens of Londonderry and Derry that the morning of the 10th had arrived, and all were early astir. Shortly after eight o'clock, a large procession was formed at Derry Upper Village, Henry E. Eastman, Chief Marshal; Nathaniel Warner, John L. Cunningham, Horace A. Hill and Thomas Savage, of Derry, Assistant Marshals; the whole under escort of the Amoskeag Veterans, General Natt Head in command, Lt. Col. John B. Clarke second in command, accompanied by the Manchester Cornet Band, with Major Francis H. Pike as drum major.

The route was through the village, to Adams Female Seminary, and back to the point of starting; thence through Derry Lower Village, to the large tent which had been erected for the purposes of the celebration on "Doak's Plains," near Alfred Boyd's. At the lower village, the procession received the students of Pinkerton Academy, marshaled by the preceptor, Mr. Hazen, and many pupils from the common schools.

On the arrival of the train from Boston, at ten o'clock A. M., another procession was formed, under direction of Marshals William S. Pillsbury, Gilbert Hills and Ephraim W. Harvey, of Londonderry, which proceeded without delay to the place of meeting. It consisted mainly of residents of Londonderry, Windham and Salem, who were joined by many eminent citizens of Boston, Lowell, and other places. The Rainbow Lodge of Good Templars, from Londonderry, in partial regalia, formed a conspicuous

feature of this procession. Gilmore's Band, of twenty-five pieces, from Boston, Mr. Arbuckle, Leader, furnished the music.

At eleven o'clock the meeting was called to order by the chairman of the committee of arrangements, Mr. Adams, who commenced by saying, "Let us have peace," and the vast assembly subsided into as good a state of quiet as the circumstances would permit, while he made a brief welcome address, and introduced the

OFFICERS OF THE DAY.

PRESIDENT.

HON. GEORGE W. PATTERSON, of Westfield, New York.

VICE-PRESIDENTS.

Thomas Patterson, Joseph Dickey, Aaron P. Hardy, Charles Hurd, Francis Manter, Jonathan Savory, Warren Richardson, Reed P. Clark, Samuel Boyce, Alexander McGregor, John Greeley, Londonderry; William Anderson, David Currier, James W. Nesmith, Joseph Morrison, Humphrey Choate, Edward P. Parker, Samuel Clarke, Nehemiah Choate, Philip Nowell, Richard Melvin, James Miltimore, Derry; Daniel Mack, George W. Pinkerton, Samuel P. Jackson, David R. Leach, Horace P. Watts, Augustus F. Hall, George Porter, Israel Webster, James P. Eaton, Manchester; Samuel W. Simpson, James Anderson, Loren Thayer, Theodore Dinsmore, Windham.

SECRETARIES.

Robert C. Mack, of Londonderry; William W. Poor, of Derry; James M. Campbell, of Manchester; and George W. Weston, of Windham.

A highly appropriate prayer was offered by Rev. Caleb E. Fisher, of Lawrence, Mass., to which succeeded the Address of Welcome, by the President of the day.

ADDRESS.

BY HON. G. W. PATTERSON.

MR. PATTERSON, on taking the chair, thanked the Committee of Arrangements for the honor conferred in selecting him to preside at such a gathering of the sons and daughters of old Londonderry, and spoke as follows :

The duties of the chair will not be arduous, for every person will be in order to-day. We have met to celebrate the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the settlement of this good old town, and I am highly gratified in meeting so many of the descendants of the early settlers on this occasion, representing as they do, all of New England, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Kentucky, and, for aught I know, every state in the Union. Everywhere you go, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, you will see the descendants of old Londonderry ; and wherever one is met, you will find him every inch a man. They are the true representatives of civil and religious liberty. The first, second, third and fourth generations have gone to their rest, and it becomes us to remember their virtues and see that the liberties inherited from them are transmitted unimpaired to our posterity.

How little do those who now inhabit the town know of the privations and sufferings of the early settlers. When they came here they had no shelter but the broad canopy of heaven, and for many years the log cabin was their only dwelling place. They located themselves on each side of " West Running brook," in what was, and still is, known as the " Double Range." This was said to be for their safety in case of an attack by the Indians. History shows that the early settlers, when attending religious worship on the Sabbath, always went armed, and the first minister, Rev.

Mr. MacGregor, carried his gun into the pulpit, well loaded and primed, ready to repel an attack. But had the early settlers known the true character of the Indians, they would have feared no danger from them. They had dealt fairly and honestly by the natives, and after acquiring title from the Crown of Great Britain they, like honest men, (as they were,) purchased and paid the Indians for their right to the township, which was originally about twelve miles square, and during all the Indian wars of New England, no man, woman or child in Londonderry was ever injured or disturbed in their persons or property by the Indians.

I have had occasion to know much of the Indian character. After my settlement in western New York, near the Genesee river, the Indians were my nearest neighbors for several years, and I never experienced anything but kindness at their hands, and I have never known an instance of Indian troubles, from the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth Rock to the present day, where the whites were not the aggressors. The Indian fires are hardly extinguished in their wigwams till the most worthless of the white race take possession. Even before the title to the land is obtained by the government, and when the Indians defend their rights, the newspapers are filled with accounts of "Indian outrages."

I will not detain the audience with any extended remarks, but I must be permitted to congratulate the Committee of Arrangements upon their success in gathering together so large an assembly of the descendants of the early settlers, and to one and all I give a most hearty welcome.

[The following poem was read by Rev. J. T. McCollom.]

OUR HOME JUBILEE.

BY LUCINDA J. GREGG.

Let Nutfield to-day sound its merriest notes !
 Let the hills and the vales catch the strain as it floats !
 Ring out the loud echoes from mountain to sea,
 And rejoice in the day of our glad Jubilee !

From the East, from the North, from the prairies afar,
 From the Pine Tree domains to the southern Lone Star,
 We wanderers come to the cherished home-fold,
 To unite in one song for the bright days of old.

A song for the true, and a song for the brave,
 Who came from afar o'er the easterly wave;
 One song for the lake on whose beautiful shore,
 Their wanderings ended, they worshiped of yore.

To-day we will sing of the brown homes they made,
 Where earnest hands toiled, and where loving hearts prayed;
 And the home for the Sabbath, just over the way,
 The sacred old church, that's one hundred to-day.

In our jubilant song comes a sadder refrain ;—
 For the forms of the fathers we see not again.
 In their green-covered houses on yonder white hill,
 With the marble doors locked, they are sleeping so still!

In that glorious day when the sleepers arise,
 When together we go to our home in the skies,
 It is then we shall know,—but, oh! never till then,—
 How much we all owe to those brave, faithful men.

Adown the long years comes a noble array;
 Ah! many are found on Fame's roll-call to-day.
 From these valleys and hills has an army of worth,
 Of talent and trust, gone to bless the wide earth.

Of those left at home, there is many a name,
 All heroic, all noble, unspoken by Fame;—
 One sigh for the dead,—for the living, one song !
 God bless the loved home-land that claims all the throng !

Then hail to old Derry! its lake and its lea,
Its beautiful stream winding down to the sea,
Its wondrous old trees with the evergreen crest,
Its fine, fertile fields, sloping green to the west!

All hail to old Nutfield! whose broader expanse
Our forefathers claimed as the years did advance;
We always shall love thee, wherever we roam,
And breathe out a prayer for our earliest home.

But Time's speeding onward; how soon in its flight
Will it bear us afar and away out of sight!
How few, on another centennial day,
Will return and talk over the years sped away!

But we hope, oh! we hope, when our earth-day is done,
When our tent's taken down at life's last setting sun,
On the Plains all immortal, with glory untold,
We shall sing of the days that can never grow old.

ORATION.

BY HON. CHARLES H. BELL.

WE have come together here to-day, from far and near, to visit the birthplace of our fathers ; to look upon the spot where the dust of our ancestors lies buried ; to refresh our recollections of the old home, whose traditions were among the wonders of our childhood, and whose history is a lesson to our riper years ; to do honor to the memory of those whose blood flows in our veins, and to whose example and influence we are deeply indebted.

On this birthday of this ancient and respectable township, it is fitting that we, her children and descendants, should pause in our busy pursuits, lay aside the cares of the day and the anxiety for the morrow, and recall the memories of the times which are past. We shall learn to estimate our advantages more justly, when we contrast them with the meagre resources of an earlier period ; we shall prize the names we inherit more highly, when we remember the virtues which made them long since respected ; we shall order our lives more wisely, when we see the success and honor which have crowned years of industry and uprightness.

This history of this township has been written by one, now no more, who fortunately survived to add that to his other labors of usefulness here ; and we are confidently expecting more copious annals from a son of the soil, whose tastes and pursuits fit him admirably for the work. I shall not, therefore, in this brief address, attempt anything like a historical sketch, but simply invite you to consider with me the character of the early settlers of Londonderry, and the influence of the settlement upon the community.

There are two circumstances, peculiar to the history of Londonderry, which should be stated by way of introduction. The early settlers were, almost without an exception, homogeneous; of the same race, religion, interests and habits, and with little diversity of fortune or of education: in this respect the settlement here is almost without a parallel in the annals of the country. The other fact, and which is no less remarkable, is the prodigious increase in numbers which the descendants of the early Londonderry stock have attained, in the four or five generations which have passed away since the colony, of such slender proportions, was formed. It is estimated by persons best qualified to pronounce upon the subject, that the aggregate, in every section, would now fall little short of fifty thousand souls.

On the eleventh day of April, one hundred and fifty years ago, sixteen families, from the north of Ireland, came to this place, the advance guard of a body of more than four times their number, who in the course of that and the succeeding year, established themselves here. They are at this day designated as Scotch Irish, a term which is not inappropriate, as descriptive of their origin and prior abode, though it has given rise to not a little misapprehension. It has been supposed by some writers, that the name denotes a mixed nationality of Scottish and Irish descent; and, in order to adapt the facts to their theory, they have fancied that they could detect in the character of the Londonderry settlers the traits derived from each ancestry. But history fails to bear out the ingenious hypothesis; for it is certain that there was no mixture of blood in the little band who cast their fortunes here; they were of Scottish lineage, pure and simple. They sprang from a colony of Scots, which had planted itself more than a century before, in the province of Ulster, in Ireland, and whose numbers had been increased, from time to time afterward, by fresh arrivals from the parent country. The ancestors of the greater part of the Londonderry settlers made their

way to Ireland in the latter half of the seventeenth century, during the relentless persecution of the covenanters in Scotland, under the leadership of the brutal Claverhouse.

In Ireland, the Scottish immigrants remained as distinct from the native population as if they had never crossed the channel. They were *among* the Irish, but not *of* them. The Scots were, to a man, Presbyterians of the strictest sect, while their neighbors were as uniformly Romanists. The barriers of a different nationality and religion would have sufficed to keep the races wide enough asunder; but there were other circumstances to generate an actual repulsion between them. The lands in Ulster, which the Scottish community enjoyed, were allotted to them as a reward of their military services in extinguishing a rebellion of the Catholics; and the Irish population regarded them with the jealousy and rancor which a proud and subjected race are prone to feel at the presence of those who have been victorious over them.

Nor had the residence of the Scottish colony in Ireland passed without overt demonstrations of this hostile feeling. Repeated outbreaks of civil strife had succeeded each other, in which the rival races were arrayed in arms, in opposing ranks; culminating in the memorable siege of Londonderry, the horrors of which fill one of the saddest pages of history. The idea, therefore, that intermarriages, or any relations of intimacy, would have been tolerated between those of races so constantly and bitterly at variance, is simply chimerical.

The main cause which impelled our ancestors to quit their home in the old world, and seek an abode in the wilds of America, is to be found, without doubt, in their desire for religious liberty. They were not the persons to take so important a step simply from love of novelty and excitement; for the leaders of the expedition were men of mature years, with families dependent upon them. They were no mere speculators or needy adventurers, for they were all

in comfortable circumstances, and some of them persons of substance.

It is true that at the period of their emigration they were subjected to no persecution. The Protestant party was in the ascendancy in the government of Great Britain, and all were suffered to enjoy their religious opinions and worship without molestation. But they had abundant reason to know that the causes which engendered the religious animosities of former days might at any time be revived, on the accession of a new sovereign. In addition to this, they were subjected to jealous and heavy taxation, to sustain the church establishment with which they had little sympathy; and, as we have seen, were surrounded by a population foreign in sentiment and feeling.

Accounts had reached them, that in the new world a people, holding a faith substantially like their own were permitted through every change of dynasty to enjoy their opinions undisturbed; that here was no levying of tithes to maintain an unfriendly episcopal establishment; no zealots of the church of Rome to seize the first pretexts for drawing the sword and lighting the fires of persecution; but an orderly society, abundant territory, fertile soil, easy to be acquired and of unfettered tenure.

If there were some dark shades in the picture which presented these attractions, if there was less of tolerance and more of a jealous and intrusive spirit in the new country, a more inclement climate and greater risks and privations in a frontier life, than they imagined, there is little probability that these drawbacks, if known, would have weighed with persons of their resolute nature and serious purposes, to induce them for a moment to hesitate in carrying out their design.

No change but the dread summons of death could have so completely sundered all their relations to those whom, outside their own circle, they held nearest and dearest on earth, as their removal to this country. The pang of sep-

aration, which overflowed the eyes of those of the gentle sex and tender years, must have weighed heavily on the hearts of the grave seniors of the little company. But they did not falter. And so they bade adieu to the scenes and friends of their youth, and embarked on the voyage which shut them from their view forever ; and thenceforward their destinies were linked with those of another hemisphere.

So vast are the changes which the last century and a half have witnessed, that it is not easy at this day to form an adequate conception of the condition in which the Londonderry settlers found themselves, on their arrival here. They were literally upon the frontier of civilization. On the east and west there were indeed slender colonies of Europeans, but only at the distance of ten or fifteen miles, through the trackless woods ; while on the north there was no human habitation between them and the line of Canada, save the wigwam of the savage.

It was in the early spring. The snows had not disappeared from the shaded earth, and scarcely a bud had ventured forth, to give promise of the season of flowers and fruits. The country was covered with the primeval forest, and nature promised nothing for their support beyond the nuts upon the trees and the herbage of the meadows. All else was to be wrung from her grasp by stern and unremitting toil. A home was to be created in the wilderness. Neither beasts of burden, nor any of even the simplest contrivances for saving manual labor, were at their command, but everything was to be accomplished by sheer force of human muscle and sinew ; so that their early life here was one continuous struggle to secure the bare necessities of existence,—shelter, warmth and food.

Nor had they the resources to divert and relieve the mind jaded by a life of daily interminable toil. The press, the lecture room and the post office were unknown to them, or existed but as a faint shadow of their present reality. There were books, indeed, but scanty in numbers,

and in general little adapted for recreation and entertainment. They were in good part solid tomes of controversial theology upon speculative points of doctrine, remembered now (not unhappily) only by the Old Mortalities of our day. What would be the feelings of the farmer at the present time, if, after the fatigues of the day, instead of solacing himself with a well filled newspaper (perhaps fresh from the tireless press which the energy of a descendant of Londonderry sires has founded in the metropolis of the country), he should find himself reduced to the wholesome but somewhat meagre diet of the "Self Justiciary Convicted and Condemn'd," or the "Marrow of Modern Divinity"?

Another trouble soon came upon our colonists, in the form of a difficulty about their title to the soil. This was claimed by other parties, who had procured a conveyance of the land from some pretended Indian proprietor, and were jealous of the community of Irish, as they called them, which was so manfully intrenching itself in their vicinity. It is said that an attempt was even set on foot to dispossess our fathers by force, and that an armed party, for that purpose, came upon them when they were assembled at their devotions in the open air. The invaders, after waiting till the exercises were ended, became satisfied that it would be no child's play to attempt to eject the stalwart worshipers, and abandoned the project. But constant warfare was for a long time kept up about the possession of certain meadows, which the inhabitants of the lower towns claimed the right to mow, and it was there that the sturdy Londonderry clergyman waived the protection of his black coat, and proposed to settle the question of possession by the arm of flesh.

Amid such trials and difficulties did the early settlers of the township lay the foundations of a community that was destined to exert a marked influence in the history of the state and the country. As may be supposed, they were

persons of very decided points of character. They belonged to the middle rank of life, and had neither great wealth, high connections nor distinguished position. Their impress upon their own and succeeding ages was produced by the unaided force of their own intellectual and moral qualities.

In noting the leading characteristics of the Londonderry settlers, our attention is naturally directed first to their deep respect for the observances of religion. It may well be supposed that they were exemplary in meeting the requirements of the faith for which they had sacrificed and suffered so much. They made religion a most important part of their every day life. Not only were the public worship of Sunday and the preparatory service on a prior day punctually attended by young and old, but there were devotional exercises on all occasions of interest in the little community. Family prayers were daily offered up in every dwelling; the children were carefully trained to the acquisition of biblical knowledge and the speculative theology contained in the elaborate catechism of the day, and were periodically examined by the ministers, to test their proficiency in these studies; and so universal was the interest in spiritual concerns, that in four years after the settlement was commenced, no fewer than two hundred and thirty persons were assembled as church communicants.

No clergyman accompanied the first installment of immigrants, but in one month after their arrival here they had secured one, who passed the remainder of his useful life among them. In two years they had completed and opened an ample and commodious house of public worship, while yet the inhabitants were content to live in humble structures of logs; and the first framed house in the township was erected, shortly after, for their minister. These facts demonstrate, more forcibly than volumes of description, the deep attachment of the settlers to the ordinances and teachers of their religion.

In those times, the church and its elders and minister constituted a sort of religious tribunal, before which a myriad of questions, temporal as well as spiritual, were brought for counsel and determination. Their jurisdiction was not confined to cases of infraction of the laws of religion and morality, it embraced also mooted questions of discretion and propriety ; and the judgment of the Session, as it was called, was pronounced with much gravity and submitted to with great patience, upon matters which could now hardly be introduced at a church meeting without a smile, and if attempted to be adjudicated upon there, a plea to the jurisdiction, as the lawyers phrase it, would be quite certain to throw the case out of court.

The next public enterprise in the infant settlement was to make provision for the instruction of the young. The settlers were fully alive to the importance of learning. They were themselves remarkably intelligent for their times and situation in life, and several of their number had received the advantages of a university training. They speedily erected a suitable school-house, and made arrangements that it should be opened for the rising generation, under a competent teacher, for a large portion of the year.

The facilities for moral and intellectual improvement being thus early provided, the place soon began to advance in numbers and consequence. Roads and mills were soon in serviceable condition, and log houses began to give place to more pretending and comfortable habitations.

The character of our ancestors for industry and frugality was a sure guarantee of the success and prosperity of their community. Idleness was only another name for wickedness, in their vocabulary. The men toiled diligently through the livelong day in the improvement of their homesteads, or upon works for the general benefit, and the women, when not employed in strictly household duties, turned the busy wheel, or plied the glancing shuttle.

As for the lads and lasses, we can hardly believe that

equal diligence was required of them. If there is truth in the adage that "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," then they must have had their share of fun, for the Jacks of Londonderry were by no means dull boys. It is highly probable, however, that when the little hands became strong enough to render useful service, the lessons of industry were conscientiously and practically inculcated.

But the men of Londonderry were not without their seasons of relaxation. At the annual fairs, and at other gatherings such as are of frequent occurrence in a small and friendly neighborhood, they partook heartily in the athletic exercises and the rude sports of the time. Wedding ceremonies were made the occasions of great and general festivity, and even a death and burial did not pass without scenes of hilarity that ill accord with our ideas of decorum.

Their greater faults seem to have been mainly the results of the habits of their generation upon a people of exuberant vitality, and leading a life somewhat austere, while affording few opportunities of rational amusement. They were of vigorous and robust constitution, bodily and mentally; capable of much endurance, and with equal capacity of enjoyment. Their ordinary life was hard and circumscribed; and strong natures, long repressed, are always prone, in the hour of license, to shake themselves free from all restraints. If our fathers had possessed the means of a higher class of gratifications in the attractive walks of literature and art, they needed but little cultivation to appreciate them; but the esthetic part of their life was well nigh a blank. It is not strange, therefore, that when more refined enjoyments were out of reach, they should satisfy the craving for variety with the coarser pleasures which were at hand.

Scottish thrift is a familiar term; and the men of Londonderry had a full share of the national quality. Poor Richard himself could have given them no new lesson

against wastefulness and prodigality. Yet they were not parsimonious; on the contrary, they were in some directions extremely liberal. The salary of their minister was larger than that of the Lieutenant Governor of the province; they contributed generously to the aid of those who had met with losses; they practiced a bountiful hospitality; and they took care that their expenditures on all extraordinary occasions should rather exceed than fall short of what was due to their social position. Hoarding money, for the mere love of it, was a thing unknown to them. They were economists from principle, and saved wisely that they might spend handsomely.

The Scotch Irish settlers were men of spirit and courage. Forty years before, they and their fathers had proved their fighting qualities and endurance, amid the protracted conflicts and sufferings at Londonderry in Ireland; and the allotments of land to six, I think, of the settlers in this place, were exempt from taxation by a special act granting that immunity to all who had borne arms for the King on that occasion. The first two ministers here were both participants of the dangers and honors of the siege; the one as a mere youth, who, however, performed yeoman's service; the other as a military officer, who received a wound in making a sortie from the city, which left its mark upon his face during life. And upon his death, sixteen years after this place was settled, there were found here enough of his companions in arms and sufferings, to bear his body to the grave, in accordance with his expressed desire.

Our early settlers, however, were no less prudent in providing against danger than they were fearless in meeting it. To protect themselves against the assaults of savage foes, immediately on their arrival here, they constructed two stone garrison houses, in which the families took shelter by night. They were also careful to avoid encroachment upon the rights of the original occupants of the soil, by purchasing from the heir-at-law of John Wheelwright,

the title to their township, which it was understood he had acquired from the Indians by a deed of their sagamores, executed nearly a century before, in 1629; a deed, by the way, about the genuineness of which there has been some controversy of late years, but which at that period was believed to be perfectly valid. The first minister here is also said on good authority to have successfully employed his influence with the French Governor of Canada, with whom he had a prior acquaintance, to dissuade the savages from any hostile attempts against this settlement.

The practical sagacity and sterling common sense of the founders of Londonderry deserve special mention. No enthusiasm for new and brilliant schemes blinded their perception, or lifted their reason off her feet. They subjected everything to the test of cool judgment and experience. The unlucky speculator, who was so unwise as to enter upon an enterprise without counting the cost, was the mark of unbounded ridicule; and it was no small trial of a man's philosophy to be the laughing stock of old Londonderry.

Though their intercourse with society was limited, they were shrewd observers of human nature, and had much worldly wisdom. The advice of one of the elders to a young man who was about journeying into a new country, with a considerable amount of silver money, is a good illustration of this. "When ye come into a strange *hoose*," said he, "don't set *down* your saddle-bags as if there was eggs in 'em, nor yet fling them *down* so as to chink the coin; but put them *down* indifferently, in a corner where you can see 'em, but never look at 'em." Dealers in illusive corner-lots, and confidence-men, would have earned but a precarious livelihood among those alert, long-headed Scotch Irishmen.

Plainness of speech and tenacity of opinion were noted characteristics of the early men of Londonderry. The mistaken kindness which keeps back half the truth, and

the conventional usage which falsifies the whole of it, were alike unknown in their practice. When the occasion required them to unburden their minds, they not only meant all they said, but they said all they meant. If their opinion was asked, they scorned to walk daintily round the truth, but gave their honest convictions without the suppression of an iota, however unexpected or unpalatable they might be. And even when *not* asked to express their sentiments, they took the liberty to do so, whenever in their opinion the occasion demanded it. No stronger illustration of this trait can be imagined than one which has come to us by tradition, of plain speaking to a clergyman, who of all men would be held most sacred from any thing savoring of reproof, under ordinary circumstances. It happened that the good man had passed a long and laborious day in parochial visits, and rode up, toward evening, to the house of one of his elders. He had, as a matter of course, been pressed at every dwelling to partake of the stimulating refreshments which were then considered indispensable, and, between fatigue and the over-hospitality of his parishioners, he found it at last not easy to keep himself upright in the saddle. The elder's keen eye took in the situation. "Wont ye light *down*, parson," said he, "and come in and get something to eat; for I perceive ye've had enough to drink, already!"

Our ancestors were anything but impulsive men. They had very inflexible opinions, warm preferences and strong dislikes, but they arrived at them all, rather through the intellect than the feelings. Being accustomed to deliberation, they were little inclined to alter the views that they had fairly adopted. Most of the reasons that could be urged for an opposite course, they had already examined. To the opponent who assailed them with argument, therefore, they were able to produce arguments of equal cogency in return; and if, as sometimes happened, in default of reasons he resorted to invective, it took little time to convince

him that there were blows to take as well as blows to give, in that branch of dialectics.

Men called the Londonderry people an obstinate race ; but they soon learned to respect their opinions. An anecdote is related of one of them at a later period, but which breathes the spirit of the first generation. He had been elected to the General Court, and at the close of the session the friends of the presiding officer had prepared the usual complimentary resolution for him. The Londonderry member, it was well known, differed world-wide from that official, in politics and religion, and even had doubts of his honesty. His friends, therefore, dreading to encounter the public opposition of the outspoken "gentleman from Londonderry," thought it most prudent to show him the resolution in private, before it was offered. It was in the ordinary form, to present "the thanks of the assembly to the presiding officer for the dignity, ability and integrity with which he had discharged his duties." Our friend perused the paper deliberately, and then remarked: "There is but one word in the resolve that I object to: just strike out the little word *integrity* and I will vote for the rest, cheerfully." It was thought best to expunge the obnoxious word, and so the resolution stands recorded to this day.

Another thing which contributed to the Londonderry reputation for obstinacy was the naturally conservative disposition of its people. They did not, it is true, object to an improvement because it was new, but if they were not satisfied that it *was* an improvement, the novelty of a proposition was a sufficient reason for not accepting it. The mere fact that others, and even a majority of the community, disagreed with them, weighed nothing in their estimation. They decided for themselves, and pinned their faith upon no man's sleeve.

It is related that in the celebration of the Lord's Supper it was the ancient practice in Londonderry to sit at the table. In other places it was found a more convenient

It is the Scotch fashion to stand.

practice for them to remain in the pews. The worthy clergyman was desirous of adopting that fashion here, and addressed his church upon the subject, strongly recommending that course ; but knowing the manner of men he had to deal with, he added, that seats at the table would still be provided for such as might object to the change. Most of the church conformed to the new fashion ; a few clung to their old seats, but one after another of them, in a short time, went over to the majority. But one old gentleman would never yield his assent, and year after year, until he went down to his grave, each day of communion, in sunshine and in storm, found him sitting at the table, solitary and conspicuous, in mute but faithful protest against an innovation for which he found no warrant in Scripture or tradition.

Many instances have come down to us of the keen wit of the fathers of Londonderry. They had an appreciative eye for the ludicrous side of things, an intense relish for repartee, and a ready tongue for apt sayings. Many of their sallies were highly effective, presenting the whole gist of an argument crystalized in a word. So much of their point, however, usually depended upon the character of the persons, the circumstances of the occasion and the very tricks of the tongue which uttered them, that it is not easy by repetition to do approximate justice to their force and pungency.

Any delineation of the character of our ancestors would be defective, which should omit to mention their independence and self-respect. They were not at all inclined to rate themselves, nor to allow other people to rate them, below their true value. At the same time they had too much sagacity and fear of ridicule to put an extravagantly high estimate upon themselves, for nothing was more certain to bring upon them the sarcasms of their sharp-tongued neighbors, than ill-founded pretensions or conceit. Any exhibition of vanity became a perpetual source of

ridicule among them. One self-complacent person, who in an evil hour gave utterance to the remark that "if he were to have the making of himself over again, he did not see where he could introduce any alteration for the better," never heard the last of his unfortunate speech, but has come down to our time, preserved in it, like a fly imbedded in amber.

The self appreciation of our fathers, however, degenerated into no ignoble quality. It had a healthy, manly tone. It lent them firmness in time of trouble and danger; it gave them freedom of thought and action, and aspirations for improvement and advancement; it preserved them from all mean and dishonorable courses, as unworthy of the high standard they had set up for themselves. They would scorn to stab an enemy in the back, but they were always ready to meet him face to face; and what they said to you to-day, you might have implicit confidence that they would abide by to-morrow. In general, they were no great respecters of persons, but their manly spirit would not permit them to bear hardly upon the helpless or the feeble. Blunt and outspoken to their equals, they could be considerate and gentle to their inferiors in strength or fortune. The good man who could sturdily reprove his minister, when he believed his duty demanded it, would have stifled the words on his lips which would have carried pain to the heart of a delicate woman, or a neighbor in distress.

Such is a meagre outline of the prominent qualities of the class who constituted the early population of this township. As we have seen, they were no perfect beings; they had their share of human infirmities. Yet on the whole they possessed sterling excellences which far outweighed their defects. Their establishment here was an important era in the history of the state and of the country. The influence they exerted has been powerful and extensive. The qualities, ideas and habits which they introduced at

that early period, and which have since become so widely diffused throughout the community, have yielded incalculable service and benefit. The whole body politic has been the gainer, alike in a material, mental and moral point of view, by their adoption into the household of America.

Time would fail me to enumerate the various channels in which the Londonderry settlement has contributed to the common credit and prosperity. A rapid glance at what has been accomplished, immediately by the settlers, and those who inherited their blood and qualities, must suffice for this occasion.

For no very long time did the ranks of the original association here remain unbroken. Our country was then, as it is now, a land of changes. One eligible opening after another in the inland domain beckoned away little detachments, to lay the foundations of other settlements. It was usually a few families, connected by the ties of consanguinity or friendship, who made up each of these expeditions; the sparseness of the population and the impracticability of frequent communication making the undertaking too serious to be encountered without companionship. Within the half century succeeding the foundation of the township, some ten or twelve little companies had quitted its precincts, and spread themselves in various parts of southwestern New Hampshire, in Vermont, New York and Nova Scotia, each forming the nucleus of a new town, which bore a marvelous family likeness to their common parent.

The prejudices with which the Londonderry settlers had been at first regarded by the surrounding population had by this time yielded to a better knowledge of their true character, and the places made vacant by the outgoing Scotch Irish were readily filled by incomers of other nationalities.

Subsequently, when communication between different quarters of the country had become more frequent and

easy, the same process of removals and changes was continued; not so much by companies, however, as by families and individuals. The result at length was, as a matter of course, a pretty thorough intermingling of the Scotch Irish element with the great body of the population. Inter-marriages became common; and at the present day, though the marks of the Londonderry ancestry are especially visible in certain localities, yet so widely have the representatives of the settlers extended themselves, that there is not a state or territory, and I might almost say, not a county or village, where they have not planted their hearthstones.

Change of scene, different associations, the advancement of civilization, the infusion of new blood, must in the course of generations produce a powerful effect in the modification of character; yet so sturdy and so little plastic was the constitution of the early inhabitants of this township, that in despite of all these influences, their leading characteristics crop out to-day, in many cases with startling distinctness, in their posterity. The granite of their nature seems to require ages of abrasion to wear away the bold outlines and round off the salient angles.

In every generation of their successors which has occupied the stage since they passed away, there is recognizable so uniform a care and regard for religious and educational interests, that we cannot hesitate to attribute them to the example and teachings of the fathers, and the native instincts transmitted from them. Among the little offshoots of population which gave tone to so many other settlements in the last century, the church and the school-house were always among the earliest features, and made their appearance as speedily as the ax and the mill could do their work. The historians of other provinces, to which the outgoing parties took their way, with one voice bear testimony to their solicitude for these privileges, and to their meliorating effect upon the surrounding inhabitants.

Institutions of learning of a higher class have since

been opened in many of those places ; and within the limits of the old town itself, two seminaries have been endowed by the wise liberality of resident sons of the old sires, which have long poured forth rich streams to swell the tide of intelligence and virtue of the country.

I hazard little in saying that it would be impossible to point out a class of the population, of equal extent, whose weight, so uniformly and for such a period, has been thrown on the side of the institutions of Christianity and the cultivation of learning, as that of the class who derive their origin from the Londonderry stock.

The resolute and intrepid spirit, which resisted in arms the hostile religious factions of other days, has become little impaired in the passage to our own times. The roll of the bold woodsmen who set forth with the gallant Lovewell on the ill-fated expedition, which in depriving him of life gave him immortality in story, bore the names of three of the men of Nutfield. At a later period, in the various enterprises which were set on foot against the savages, the youth of the town girded on the weapons with which their fathers had done gallant service beyond the sea, and marched forth into the wilderness under the leadership of Samuel Barr, Andrew Todd, and stout John Goffe,—the same John Goffe for whom the adventurous life of the frontier had such charms, that he used to pray fervently for a “long and moderate war”; not moderate because he had any disinclination to hard fighting, but because its moderation would insure its lasting the longer. The stanch and pious partisan never shrank from the dangers of the battle-field.

In the hostilities against the French and Indians, Robert Rogers appeared upon the scene, at the head of a battalion of rangers, recruited largely from the ranks of his townsmen, and won distinction, which was liberally recognized by the ministry of Britain ; and John Stark, who led his brethren so boldly then, and won immortal renown after-

ward, by crippling the power of a hostile army at the most critical hour of the Revolutionary contest. George Reid fought manfully by his side with a Londonderry corps, at Bunker Hill; and William Gregg pushed the brave boys of the township into the thickest of the fray, under his command, at Bennington.

In the war of 1812 a comparatively small proportion of the population was called to the field; yet McNeil and Miller proved that the fighting blood of their ancestors had not become thinned, and wrote their names proudly upon the military annals of the country.

And in the mighty contest from which we have but lately emerged, the descendants of the same stalwart sires, from the length and breadth of the land, thronged in numbers which it is now impossible to estimate, into the ranks of the Union's defenders; some honored with high command, many sealing their devotion to the cause of freedom with their lives; all loyal, constant and brave. It may be said without exaggeration that the Scotch Irish blood of Londonderry has reddened every battle-field over which the flag of our country has waved.

Prudence, industry, sound judgment and self-reliance have been the common characteristics of this descent, at all times, and in every variety of circumstances. In the long list of those who have risen, by force of these qualities, to prosperity and eminence, it would be invidious to particularize some, while it would be idle to attempt to make mention of all. The catalogue would embrace names from the ranks of the leading men of every department and calling; agriculturists, merchants and manufacturers; professional men and men of letters; conductors of institutions of learning; high officers in the state and nation;—in short there is scarce a single position of respectability or dignity which the country affords, that would not claim its share in the enumeration.

The march of civilization, while it tends so greatly to

elevate and refine humanity, is not without attendant evils in its train. Physical and moral deterioration are not unfrequently to be discovered, even where the mental faculties have become sharpened, if not broadened. Effeminacy is born of a life which demands little bodily toil ; and unmanliness and insincerity are the common curse of an artificial state of society. Yet it cannot with justice be asserted that these canker spots have seriously infected the generation to whom the blood of ancient Nutfield has descended. The titanic shoulders may indeed be less frequent now than formerly ; the athlete of the old wrestling ring might perhaps find fewer antagonists worthy of his prowess ; the potato which our fathers presented to the new world may sometimes assimilate less kindly with the gastric fluid in our time than in the days before man learned by dire experience that he had a stomach ; but if we compare the statistics of life and health of the two periods, the balance will not be found to be all in their favor. Mighty as were the thews and sinews of that olden time, the "Boys in Blue" of their descendants proved that they were as wiry and tough, could march as fast and as far, and could endure hardship and exposure as well, as the Rangers of a century ago, or the Covenanters who trod the heaths of Scotland.

Nor, I apprehend, has there been any greater degeneracy in the moral, than in the physical, fiber of the race. Rude fashions have been abandoned or modified, and the curt speech has been amended to suit more polished ears ; our generation maintain their opinions with less of pungent comment and flat contradiction, but it is extremely doubtful if they adhere to them with diminished tenacity. The larger vocabulary of this day sanctions the dealing with offensive things in gentler phraseology, but there is the same contempt for shams, and scorn of meanness and falsehood, as in the days of simpler language. It will be found that the iron hand is there, though it may be covered with a glove of velvet.

If the mischiefs which are incident to an older civilization have been fortunately so far avoided, on the other hand its full benefits have been experienced. The life of perennial toil, unmitigated save by stern duty and coarse pleasures, has passed away forever. Comfort, cultivation and refinement are seated by the firesides of our more favored age. The ingenuity of modern invention ministers to our material wants. The works of the great masters of literature lie upon our tables. Our taste for the beautiful in art has abundant means of gratification. Commerce pours into our laps the productions of the four quarters of the globe. Travel invites us to wider scenes, and a more varied and complete experience. Philosophy opens for our inspection the arcana of nature. A wealth of appliances surrounds us, for the supply of all our needs of body and spirit; for the cultivation and development of every faculty, for the gratification of the most elevated tastes and the highest aspirations of our nature. It is not too much to say, that these high privileges have neither been undervalued nor unimproved by the present generation of representatives of the Londonderry settlers. Elegance has become ingrafted upon native force; polish superadded to acumen; refinement to rough manliness. It is matter of sincere congratulation that so much of the sound ore of character has been retained, unmixed with dross, and well fitted to be moulded into the graceful forms of a higher civilization.

I have thus hastily and imperfectly sketched some of the changes which a century and a half have brought about in the character and condition of those who owe their origin to this historic place. Who will venture to foretell how much is to be added to the story, when, after the lapse of five more generations, our successors shall assemble here to pay their anniversary honors to the ancestral home!

Our progenitors here would have been struck dumb with amazement if they could have lifted the veil of the future

and foreseen the stupendous revolution that was to be wrought in their adopted land:—the rescue of a continent from the hand of nature, and peopling it with teeming millions; the experiment of a vast republican government successfully carried into execution; the vapor of water made the great moving power of the industrial world; and the very lightnings broken to harness as carriers of dispatches! How would their eyes have distended with wonder at the view of a road of iron spanning the hills and valleys over which they bore upon their shoulders their whole worldly goods from the ancient landing place at Haverhill; and of a populous city taking its rise from the river falls to which the friendly hand of the Indian pointed them the way, to take the fish which eked out their scanty winter's subsistence,—a city whose looms each day produce a greater quantity of cloth than their whole female industry could have woven in a generation!

Is there any reason to doubt that the coming century and a half are to usher in changes which would be as startling to us as those I have mentioned would have been to them? Have we any ground for believing the resources of nature have been so far explored, and the powers of art so exhausted, that the future is any less full of promise than was the past? On the contrary, it cannot be supposed that our age is beyond the threshold of improvement. Every day furnishes new problems for solution in the phenomena of nature and the domains of industrial, political and social science. The spirit of discovery was never more active. Regions of the globe hitherto unexplored are day by day opening to the view like the outlines of mountains through a vanishing mist. The powers of chemistry are unsealing the book in which the secret of nature's internal forces are written. Inventive enterprise is elaborating new methods and combinations to facilitate the operations of life and give ease and relief to physical humanity; while the political and moral requirements of the age are

engaging the attention of the profoundest thinkers and most earnest philanthropists of the world.

Not unreasonably, therefore, may we look for improvements in coming time in no way inferior to those of the past. The next three half centuries are destined to behold a prodigious increase in the population, the resources and the achievements of science and art, in our country. What further alterations are to befall the home of our fathers, or what triumphs may be in store in civil or military life, for the coming man of the lineage of Londonderry,—it is forbidden for us to know. But from the reliance we justly repose upon the energy, sense and honesty of the Scotch Irish character, as developed in the period over which we have glanced, we have high faith that in every stage of progress that race shall creditably bear its part, and shall not fail to leave its impress upon each coming generation.

ADDRESS.

BY HON. HORACE GREELEY.

MR. GREELEY, being introduced by the President as a native of New Hampshire, sprung from a Londonderry stock, who was widely known and honored, responded as follows :

MR. PRESIDENT AND FRIENDS :

Though we are of diverse origin, and have gathered from many states, yet I trust we shall cordially agree to devote this festival to the memory of that Scotch Irish race who first settled this town of Londonderry, and gave it the character it still proudly maintains. The old township has been cut up into several ; old landmarks have disappeared ; old fashions have changed ; new institutions have changed old habits and softened rugged peculiarities ; but the Scotch Irish people remain ; their genius lights up most of the faces now looking into mine. Let me speak, then, for the few minutes in which I may venture to claim your attention, of this race and its living influence upon our country and its people.

The influence of a race is not measured by the area of the country it inhabits. Greece and Palestine are but specks on the surface of our globe, yet they have exerted a far greater influence upon human progress and well-being than the vast empires of China and Persia, in either of which they might both be lost. Scotland is another speck, not nearly so large as Arkansas, with a population never yet reaching four millions ; yet what poets, philosophers, historians, have been proud to claim her as their native land ! Like other small countries, her sons have made her great.

The Scotch Irish were eminently men of conviction. They saw clearly; they reasoned fearlessly; and they did not hesitate to follow wherever truth led the way. Migration to Ireland cracked the shell of their insular prejudice; removal thence to America completed their emancipation. Liberalized by crossing a strait, the passage of a stormy ocean made them freemen.

The Scotch, whether at home or abroad, were an intellectual, an inquiring, and a Bible-reading people. Whether Bible-reading made them such early zealous Protestants, or Protestantism opened to them the Bible, they have been eminently familiar with the Good Book for three centuries. Their knowledge of its contents kindled and has kept alive in their breasts the sacred fire of Liberty. No haughty prelacy can domineer over a Bible-loving, Bible-reading people; and the spirit of John Knox lives and reigns to-day in the hearts of the Scotch Irish in America.

Hence their early and steadfast devotion to Common Schools. Their Christianity and their love of Liberty alike impelled them to educate their children, including those of the humblest and least esteemed. A meeting-house was the first building not of logs erected in this township; but a school-house soon followed; and the children of Londonderry have ever been blest with excellent common schools. And the good they enjoyed they were ever eager to impart and diffuse. I presume more teachers now living trace their descent from the Scotch Irish pioneers of Londonderry than to an equal number anywhere else. New England is to-day teaching our country. If you should visit all the school-houses in California you would find two-thirds of them under the sway of teachers from New England, and a sixth of these tracing their lineage to Londonderry, whose early devotion to the Bible and to common schools is still cherished by her children.

In New York we feel, as in Londonderry you do not, the pressure of Old-World prelacy in determined, though as yet

quiet, efforts to break up our common schools into theological fragments, each under the control of the hierarchy of some sect or denomination. I deprecate the change thus sought as perilous, if not fatal, to republican institutions. When the time shall have come for apportioning our children to Catholic, Orthodox, Liberal, Baptist, Methodist and Unitarian primary schools, I shall apprehend that the last sands of the Republic are nearly run. When our common schools shall have perished we may still have a country; but it will not be the land of Liberty and Equality for which our fathers toiled and suffered, and poured out their blood.

Let me not seem to speak as one filled with apprehension. Despite its trials and perils, the Republic will live and not die. It has cost too much—it is worth too much—to be tamely surrendered. In one of the many dark hours of our late terrible struggle, a doubting friend asked me, “Do you not consider Popular Rule about played out here?” “No,” I replied. “We have Common Schools and Trial by Jury left, and we can afford to fight fifty years longer rather than give them up.”

Burke said the chief end of government was twelve honest, intelligent men in the jury-box to decide all contested issues. In the same spirit I hold that, so long as we can maintain common schools free to all children, and be tolerably sure of twelve fair men in the jury-box when issues of fact are to be tried, so long will our country remain a lighthouse to the nations and a star of hope to the oppressed throughout the world. And so long, I trust, will our people gather on anniversaries like this, to honor the virtues of their ancestors and hand down the fame of their grand achievements to their latest posterity.



J. N. Patterson

J. N. PATTERSON

PHOTOGRAPH BY

ADDRESS.

BY HON. JAMES W. PATTERSON.

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

I had supposed until a late hour that I should be restrained from participating in the agreeable festivities of this day by engrossing public duties elsewhere. Still I felt that it would be a personal loss and a sort of breach of loyalty to my ancestors not to come; and so, by dint of effort, I am unexpectedly present.

I am not here to speak, however, but to enjoy, and have awakened in my own mind the memories and inspirations of the past. I come to look into your strong Scotch Irish faces, in which one seems to see the force and meaning of those centuries of earnest and terrible struggle through which our fathers passed. I am not quite sure I ought to respond to your call *at all*, for my *status* here is very well described in what that splendid New Hampshire soldier, General J. G. Foster, once said to me of a brother officer. Happening to meet him in a street-car soon after one of the reverses of the war, our conversation turned upon the unfortunate conduct, during the battle, of one of our distinguished commanders. I said I believed he was a native of New Hampshire. "No," said the General; "a native of the South." "But I had the impression," I replied, "that he was born in our own state." "O yes!" responded the General; "he was accidentally born there, but still he is a native of the South."

My great grandparents settled in Londonderry. Both of my grandmothers, and my grandfather on my father's side, were children of the town; but my grandfather having removed to a beautiful town which nestles in the bosom of

the Contoocook, I and my father were born there. Nevertheless, I feel that somehow I am, as the General would say, "a native" of this town, and have a *right* to celebrate with you.

The Scotch Irish settlers of this country were a somewhat peculiar people, and unmistakable traces of the original traits survive in their children. The warp of their character was Scotch, and the threads were as close twisted and strong as hemp; but a hard and varied experience under changing governments and fortunes had filled in the web with a texture of Celtic die and pattern. They had the stern grip and endurance of the old covenanter, mellowed by something of the flexibility of the merry-making Irishman. They were equally prepared to defend a natural right or a point in theology, to "the last of their kith and their kin," or to make the welkin ring till morning with their broad but pungent wit.

The distinguished gentleman who has preceded me spoke of the influence of races upon history. It occurs to me to reverse the text, and say a few words upon the influence of history on races. The geologist evolves the unwritten history of nature from the fossils, the ripple marks, the distortions and composition of the earth's crust; the naturalist sees the apple-blossom in a section of its fruit, and counts the years of a tree by its rings. So, I apprehend, the student of *human* nature may read the history of a people in their character.

Mental and physical qualities are transmitted, but these are modified and special peculiarities created by the conditions and events of life. The strength or weakness of the father is likely to be the inheritance of the child, and the remembrance of a great ancestral achievement will ennoble a whole family.

The law holds good of races. National health is an element of national strength. But the forces which more than all others impart greatness to a people are purely moral.

The earnest and lofty enthusiasm inspired by heroic deeds and high endeavor in those whose renown they inherit, the songs they sing, the works of art they look upon, the labor of their hands, and, above all, the faith in which they worship,—determine their distinctive characteristics. The songs of Æschylus and Homer and the glory of Marathon and Thermopylæ were the seeds of fame which ripened in the peerless intellectual products and military achievements of the age of Pericles. The English at Waterloo could not break in the tempestuous charge of Ney, for they had the integrity of English history to maintain. It was not simply the responsibilities of that day, but of all the past of their people, which pressed upon and held them like ranks of iron against the impetuous valor of France. Races of men become intellectual and strong by a sort of mental concretion of the best things in their national life. The peculiarities of the race to which *we* belong took their rise at different epochs in their career. One familiar with the record of our ancestors could almost trace in your faces to-day the love of liberty and the enduring faith which resisted the dragoons of Graham of Claverhouse, and endured the horrors of the siege of Derry.

The substratum of the Scotch Irish character was laid in the stern and stormy life of early Scotch history; but its distinctive traits were brought out and confirmed in the long and bloody conflicts which they waged in Ireland against ecclesiastical and royal tyranny, after their emigration in 1612. Profound convictions, an inflexible will, and strong sensibilities, are the natural inheritance of our people. They have been transmitted from sires into whose mental constitution they were wrought by the bitter experience of centuries. Our fathers, when at last constrained, by the hardships laid upon them by a king whose throne they had saved, to leave the homes they had reluctantly adopted, and which they had redeemed from desolation by toil, and defended with a heroism unsurpassed in the

annals of war, brought with them to our shores those qualities which have made their descendants a peculiar people. The story of sufferings endured in the defence of civil and religious rights, handed down from father to son, had imparted an unusual energy and obstinacy to their love of liberty and fair play. Patience under oppression they had learned to regard as a stain upon the honor of manhood, and had been taught by experience that arbitrary power must be repelled in its first approaches. Their rights and their faith they held as a trust to be transmitted without taint or diminution, and hence they battled as they worshiped, from a sense of duty. They sprang to arms at Cape Breton and Crown Point. They fought with Prescott at the point of peril and honor at Bunker Hill, and triumphed with Stark at Bennington. Your heroic dead lie buried in every battle-field where our fathers first rescued Liberty from the grasp of Tyranny, or their children have since maintained it against the assaults of Treason. Reid, Stark, Rogers, McClary, and a few other bright names upon the early military record of Londonderry, reached a high historic fame; but not less pure was the devotion, nor less exalted the heroism, with which their townsmen in the ranks, gave themselves to the cause of their country. To-day let us pay a full and heartfelt tribute of gratitude and honor to those who hazarded life in the great cause without the hope of reward.

But our fathers were as apt in the pursuits of peace as in the arts of war. Their industry and enterprise not only transformed the wilderness into a garden, but made even the sands of old Derryfield to flow with milk and honey. The linens woven by our fair grandmothers acquired a national reputation, and the Derry Fair was as famous, in its day, as the Olympic Games, and, I conclude, bore a striking resemblance to that classic fighting-ground. The Fair was the annual exchange of an extensive agricultural district, and generally closed with horse-racing, and such manly

sports as are common to the athletic races. There is a mythical tradition that our pious ancestors sometimes became a little demoralized by the convivialities of the closing day. But among the numerous gifts of our fathers, I suspect the art of speech-making was their special forte. Town meeting day seemed foreordained for the display of their forensic powers. It was there that the whole list of orators entered the arena, and logic, pathos, sarcasm and wit fell upon the appreciating assembly, as brilliant and startling as a meteoric shower. Some profane iconoclast has even dared to enter this grave forum of the people, and bring forth the report that upon a certain occasion, near the close of the deliberations, a fiery debate having sprung up unexpectedly, a favorite orator who had some time before subsided into silence in a "pew" behind the door, having at last caught the inspiration of the moment, essayed to fulminate over the wrangling assembly; but, after attempting several times to lift himself to his feet by the help of the railing, and having been as often baffled by an unaccountable weakness in his joints, he at last settled back into his seat, and with a look of despair mumbled out with an inimitable brogue, "There you are—gabble, gabble, gabble, and common-sensey maun sit a hin the door!"

These traditionary anecdotes are doubtless exaggerations, nevertheless it is true that our fathers in their sojourn in Ireland developed an unusual readiness and pungency of wit, and imbibed a love of fun and frolic which greatly mellowed the austerity of their original Scotch characters. But all this was superficial. Beneath lay the substance of a generous, comprehensive, thoughtful nature, which has given evidence of its power in each generation of their children, in the field, the pulpit, and the councils of the nation.

The family names of old Londonderry were household

words to me in boyhood, and if to-day I had met one of you alone upon the road, I am not sure I should not have asked how Aleck was getting on with the wound received at Bennington, and if Molly had worked up all her flax for the fair.

But the good old times have passed, and they who made their memory precious have gone with them. Only their graves on yonder hill are with us to-day. Nay, their words, their deeds, and the sanctity of their lives are here, and it may be that their spirits in the still air above us are listening to our words of homage, and feel the throb of our yearning love. Let us emulate and transmit their virtues, that the children in all their generations may be worthy of their fathers.

[At the conclusion of Senator Patterson's remarks, an intermission for dinner took place.]



Eng^d by Whipple & Black

Eng^d by J. L. Bulter NY

S. H. Taylor

1840-1890

1840-1890

ADDRESS.

BY SAMUEL H. TAYLOR, LL. D.

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN :

It was said of old, "Who can follow the king?" But I may justly ask, Who can follow two kings* and the enchanting music to which we have just listened?

One of the most valuable lessons which we are to learn to-day is to refresh our memories with the character of the early settlers of this town, and the influences which led them to leave their distant home beyond the broad Atlantic, to meet the hardships and privations of a long voyage, and to fix their dwelling in this uncultivated and trackless spot. It is this, more than any other truth, that we need to learn on this anniversary.

Nearly every nation, both in ancient and modern times, has established colonies or settlements in other lands. The Phœnicians had their colonies, the Greeks theirs, the Romans theirs; so, too, the Dutch, the Spanish, the French, the English. Most of these colonies were founded to improve the *material* condition of the people at home, or of the colonists themselves. Sometimes the end in view was to draw off the over-crowded population at home; sometimes to strengthen and protect the government, or to extend dominion, or because of the barrenness of the mother country; sometimes it was to place beyond the power of doing harm the restless and turbulent leaders and factions at home; or it was for commercial enterprise; or to gather gold from the rich mines of the country. Others still formed colonies remote from home to escape the oppres-

* Hon. Horace Greeley, of New York, and Senator Patterson, of New Hampshire, had spoken before.

sion of a dominant political party. Most foreign settlements originated in some of these causes.

But, Mr. President, the colony whose hundred and fiftieth anniversary has gathered us here to-day is to be traced to no such motive. The founders of it were not driven out by an overstocked population, nor by want of productive land at home; nor did they, like the colonists of New South Wales, "leave their country for their country's good;" they were not adventurers in quest of wealth; nor did they seek to enlarge the domain or power of the mother country, nor to change the form of civil government. They came here in defence of a principle, one of the strongest and noblest that can animate the human breast — they came to escape bondage to an arbitrary and oppressive religious rule, and to secure to themselves and their posterity freedom to worship God according to their own views of right. In this singleness of aim, in this exalted purpose, the early settlers of New England stand almost alone; and the founders of this colony were not a whit behind the very chiefest in this respect.

They had a sinewy arm, great vigor, and power of endurance; but this was not all they brought: They had a keen conviction of right, and no flattery, no threats, no hardships or privations, could seduce them from it. Life to them was of little account if the true spirit of manliness and independence was crushed out by the strong arm of an oppressive rule. They had less culture and fewer graces than their descendants of the present day; their habits and usages may not have been conformed to our refined standards; but they would put us all to the blush in what they were ready to do and to suffer for the sake of the truth and right. The impelling purpose which brought them here never abated its force; the howling tempest and the raging waves did not weaken it;

"Amid the storm they sang,"

for they trusted in God, "who holds the winds in his fists, and who binds the waters in a garment."

Look at them at any point in their struggles to attain their object, and you feel that their purpose has such strong hold of them that no obstacles, within the range of human power to overcome, can defeat it. They part with all their effects in their native land; they leave behind cherished objects of affection; turning their eyes trustfully to heaven, they commit themselves to the deep which separates them from their land of promise; they come to these shores among strangers. Most of the little band which founded this settlement spend a dreary winter in the harbor near Portland, Me., in great destitution — most of them on ship-board — their vessel frozen up in the ice, and their want relieved only by the grant of a hundred bushels of meal by the Legislature of Massachusetts, for the *poor Irish*! Then, when the spring released their ice-bound vessel, they changed their course backward, and groped their way up the Merrimack river to Haverhill, and from thence, through a trackless wilderness, to this place. In all this long, weary, anxious course, do we hear any misgiving, any faintheartedness, any disposition to turn back? That great purpose that was ever beating in their breasts sustained them at every step.

The heroic character and the high principles of these settlers have had an important influence on their posterity. Their influence lives to-day, not only in the town, but in the numerous colonies which have gone out from it, and in the hearts of their descendants all over the land. Had the character of the first settlers been of a different type,—had they been mere adventurers, like those who settled South America or Mexico, searching only for gold or commercial advantages; or even like those who established themselves at Jamestown, in Virginia,—our native town would have had a very different history. We should have looked in vain for the virtues which have distinguished so

many of its inhabitants; nor could we have pointed with pride, as we now do, to the many eminent men who have sprung from such ancestry.

Our great duty to-day, then, is to remember the high character of our ancestors, and to give thanks to Almighty God that he put it into the hearts of such men to plant this colony. We have another duty to-day: Let us inquire whether the virtues of those whose services we commemorate are alive in our breasts; whether they animate us, as they did them, to the same high and holy purposes. Let the same principles which prompted them to do, and to dare, and to suffer so much for themselves and for us, never lose their force in the hearts of their descendants.

We stand to-day within sight of the long resting-place of most of the early settlers of this town. How would it cheer our hearts could they be present and mingle with us on this joyous occasion — a little band of sixteen families on one side, and this vast multitude on the other! With what interest would we point them to the wonderful changes that have taken place in a century and a half, many of them the results of their small beginnings: The convenient highways stretching in every direction; these well-cultivated and productive fields; the neat, attractive and comfortable dwellings; the school-houses — the nurseries of intelligence — dotting every section of the town; these academies, the seats of science and literature; these churches, in which on every Sabbath day the same great truths are proclaimed that were so precious to them; the iron road that sweeps along its burdens swifter than the eagle's flight; and these wires, which flash their messages with a rapidity equaled only by the lightning!

In view of such changes and such results, with what emphasis may we all exclaim: Other men have labored, and we have entered into their labors!



E. H. Derby

ADDRESS.

BY HON. E. H. DERBY.

IT IS pleasant to revisit the scenes of our boyhood ; to breathe again the air of these hills ; to stand again with the M'Gregor on his native heath ; to look down upon the amphitheatre of Beaver lake ; to cross again the pleasant valley of West Running brook, where the first settlers built their cabins ; to survey again, over the Merrimack, as they did, the panorama of mountains, from the Ascutney at the north to the Wachusett at the south, with the Monadnock towering over them, the sole monarch of southern New Hampshire, if we except the ladies.

“ And they crowned him long ago,
On his throne of rocks,
With his robe of clouds,
And his diadem of snow.”

Upon yonder hills my father fed his sheep, the first large flock from Spain, and here, in 1819, at the close of a century from the settlement of Nutfield, I participated in the celebration, walked in the procession, and recited my catechism to the devout and learned Mr. Parker, whose precise manner and religious aspect I shall never forget ; and here I took by the hand men who had held converse with the first settlers, and as I read “ Waverly,” “ Guy Mannering,” “ Rob Roy,” and “ The Heart of Mid Lothian,” as they fell from the press, I recognized here the garb, dialect and spirit which the greatest Scott of Scotland, has so vividly portrayed.

This place, once a part of Nutfield, was colonized in 1719 by men of the Presbyterian faith. Although born in Ireland, they were genuine Scotchmen, and brought noth-

ing from Ireland, unless it be the buoyant spirit and hilarity with which they faced the hardships of the forest. They were the church militant, stripped of its asperity.

The province of Ulster had been wasted by war and forfeited to the crown. King James had granted it to the great guilds of London, and they colonized it with tenants from the opposite coast of Scotland,—men who had fought for kirk and covenant in Argyleshire. This was the second colony of Scotland. It had begun with a colony planted at Darien, by Patterson, who founded the Bank of England and was the apostle of free trade, who planned the ship canal we are yet to realize,—a colony which fell under the jealousy of Spain and England. The second colony was more successful. It reclaimed the north of Ireland, felled the forests, built up towns and villages, established schools, planted gardens and orchards, reared water-mills and introduced the manufacture of flax, so that the traveller who passes from Leinster to Ulster sees at once the difference; and the great city of Belfast, the centre of the linen trade, stands to-day as a monument of the Scotch Irish. From such a colony came the settlers of Nutfield.

The present year will commemorate five important events: The birth of Napoleon, a century since; the opening of the Pacific railway; the completion of the Suez canal; the invention of the steam engine, in 1769, and the settlement of the Scotch Irish in America. The first event has shaken states to their centre and given new laws to Europe. The second has united two oceans and bound states together with bands of iron. The third has reversed the course of Vasco de Gama and opened a new route to the Orient. The fourth has given to man the mastery over nature. The fifth is as important to America as the landing of the Puritans at Plymouth, for the historian Bancroft and the "Edinburgh Review," in its last number, agree that the Scotch Irish did more for civil and religious

freedom, more to sever the ties that bound the colonies to England, more to establish our independence, than the Pilgrim Fathers.

When the Stuarts undertook to depose the constitutional king, William of Orange, and invaded the British Isles, thirty thousand men were held at bay for four months by a few Scotch colonists assembled in the little city of Derry, under their pastor, George Walker. They endured with him the extremities of famine, and sent back the royal army with the loss of eight thousand men, disheartened and demoralized, to fight the losing battle of the Boyne, in which the men of Derry fought with King William for civil and religious freedom.

That battle gave to England peace and prosperity, and secured the ascendancy of the Protestant faith; but after that battle England was alike ungrateful and unjust to the champions of freedom. They were required to conform to the church of England, and by one infamous edict ten of the aldermen and twenty of the burgesses of Derry were disfranchised. "The Primate Boulter would have chained them to the soil as slaves." The Scotch colonists loved not the mitre or rochet of England. They felt that their services were not requited. They left behind them the bishop's palace and the cathedral, whose spires rose two hundred and thirty feet above the heights of Derry; they passed Diamond Square, the site where now stands the statue of George Walker; they passed the college which John Gwinn, in emulation of the Pinkertons, has endowed with forty thousand pounds, and embarked in the noble harbor of Loch Foyle, or possibly at Belfast, in some ancient and slow brigantine, for a voyage to the wilds of America. They found no fast steamer to bear them in a week across the deep; no railway car to bring them here in two hours from the coast; no town, county or state road, but, following the blazed path afoot, they ford or ferry across the Merrimack, and encamp in the trackless

forest; and here they rear their cabins, their kirk, and their academy, like Douglas of yore, their great prototype, who, as the poet tells us, was

“More pleased that in a barbarous age
He gave fair Scotia Virgil’s page,
Than that beneath his sway he held
The Bishopric of fair Dunkeld.”

Their bishop’s palace was a log cabin; their cathedral, the overarching oaks and hemlocks. But the forest bowed before them; they increased and multiplied; they introduced the culture of the flax, the potato and barley, and the manufacture of linen; the lawns around their houses were whitened with drapery; their currency was notes payable in spinning wheels; and here they trained skilled operatives for the great water-falls of the Merrimack, in its course around Derry, from Manchester, by Nashua, Lowell and Lawrence, to Haverhill; and here the Pinkertons endowed both kirks and academy; and, if tradition may be trusted, even their clergy introduced musical instruments into New Hampshire. I do not refer to the ear-piercing fife alone, or the spirit-stirring drum, whose “toot” so engrossed the ear of the martial Matthew Clark, when presiding at the Session, that he could do no business,—I allude to a stringed instrument of music. The pastor of whom the tale is told had served as a chaplain in the army, and while in camp had learned to play on the violin. He brought one to America—doubtless at the bottom of his chest—and in his log cabin, in the dreary winter nights, found solace in its music. But, late one night, an elder heard the “linked sweetness long drawn out,” and peeping through the crevice of the cabin, like the elders who watched Susanna, descried his pastor in the very act of drawing the bow, and reported him to the Session; and the elders decreed that he should “hang up the fiddle and the bow” for three successive Sundays, in front of the pulpit. And this, I presume, was the first display of stringed instruments of music in New Hampshire. Derry must not,

therefore, be forgotten at the great Musical Festival, for which Mr. Gilmore is rearing a structure that reminds us of the Coliseum.

The colonists soon occupied the whole of Nutfield, and sent out colonies to Peterborough and Hillsborough, to Cherry Valley, Michigan, Nova Scotia and the Pacific. They sent forth "men who their duties knew, and knew their rights as well; and knowing, dared maintain,"—to make mayors of cities, clergymen, presidents of colleges, professors, judges, representatives and senators in congress, lieutenant-governors and governors of states,—Morrison, M'Gregors, M'Keans, Duncans, Greggs, Bells, Pattersons and Dinsmores, with many other distinguished names. They sent the indomitable Rogers and his battalion to the French war, whose slide is still traced by the tourist on the shore of Lake Huron, and whose strength was evinced on Hounslow Heath, at a later period, where he drew a highwayman from his horse through the coach window, and took him prisoner into London. It sent, also, Colonel Matthew Thornton, who signed the Declaration of Independence, and many brave men, to Louisburg. It gave to the war of the Revolution Stark, Reid, Adams and Burnham,—generals and colonels—and a host of others. At Bunker's Hill the Nutfield regiments of Stark and Reid were the best disciplined troops of the army, and held the post of danger on the flank, and with perfect order covered the retreat. At Bennington, when Burgoyne would have severed the Union and left New England out in the cold, led by the gallant Stark, they captured the vanguard of the British army. They crossed the Delaware on that dark and stormy night, and stood by Washington until the last, at Yorktown; while at King's Mountain another Scotch colony from Tennessee turned the tide of battle and began the redemption of the South. Nor were the descendants of the colonists wanting in the last war with England. Colonel Miller, whose response of "I'll try, sir," is famous in story, and

Colonel McNeil sustained the fame of their ancestors ; and a few months since, General Thom, of the regular army, and his brave associates well represented the men of Nutfield in the war against secession.

As I paused this morn at Horse Hill, and saw the Veterans of Manchester and a procession a mile long pass me on their way to the pavilion, it seemed to me as if the Continentals were marching down from yonder cemetery that crowns the heights, to greet their progeny.

“ O ! for a blast of that dread horn,
On Font Arabian echoes borne,”

which swept across France, to summon here the spirits of our dead from every battle-field on which liberty was endangered. I would present to them their descendants and their country here,

“ Where honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To deck the sod that wraps their clay.”

I would say to them: Behold your progeny ! You have not fought or died in vain. Look at your country, not a mere home in the forest, a cluster of towns, a county, a state,—but a constellation of states, overspreading a continent, under one flag and one constitution, extending, or soon to stretch, from the frozen north to the orange groves of the south, and from ocean to ocean ; a people grown from half a million, when you landed, to forty millions ! And what will their number be when another century and a half have elapsed !

If we may not summon around you the spirits of the dead you meet here to honor, let us draw inspiration from their ashes. The ashes of Wickliffe, thrown into the Severn or some other English river, scattered truth around the world. The charred bones and crisped tresses of the victims of Torquemada sent forth, a few weeks since, a tongue of flame which gave religious freedom to Spain. May the ashes of our dead be as animating as their lives to our common country.

[The following poem was read by Hon. James W. Patterson.]

P O E M.

BY MARIAN DOUGLAS.

Fresh leaves glisten in the sun,
 And the air is soft and clear ;
 'Tis the spring-tide of the year
 Of our Lord
 Seventeen hundred thirty-one.
 'Tis the robin's wedding-time,
 And a breath of plum and cherry
 Makes the air of Londonderry
 Sweet as Eden in its prime.

On the road the shadow falls
 Of the Reverend Matthew Clark,*
 Man of prayer and man of mark,
 Out to-day,
 Making some parochial calls.
 Keeper of the village fold,
 Seventy years he 's seen already ;
 Still his step is firm and steady,
 And his eye is keen and bold.

Neither wrong nor vice he spares ;
 Not alone the pastoral crook,
 But the smooth stones from the brook,
 Close at hand,
 And the ready sling he bears ;
 And, if any go astray,
 He is not afraid to use them ;—
 Better wound his flock than lose them,
 Blindly wandering away.

* Rev. Matthew Clark was the second minister of Londonderry.

Hopeful for the days to be,
Forward all his dreams are cast,
But his memories of the past,

One and all,
Lie in lands beyond the sea ;
For, but lately, from abroad,
To light up the Derry weavers,
Honest men and true believers,
Came this "candle of the Lord."

Matching well his dauntless mien,
On his temple is a scar,
(You can see it just as far

As his wig
Or the man himself is seen,)
Bravely won, when, Heaven's own liege,
'Mid the groans of starved and dying,
He had fought, on God relying,
In the Londonderry siege.

Still that memory remains ;
And a sound of martial strife,
Beat of drum or shriek of fife,
Makes the blood
Thrill and tingle in his veins ;
And his heart grows young again,
Thinking of the vanished glory
Of those days renowned in story,
Days of triumph and of pain,

When, his cold breath on each brow,
Brave men, without doubt or dread,
Looked in Death's stern eyes and said,
Gravely firm,

" We are stronger far than thou !
Friends of Truth and foes of Guilt,
Wounded, starving, fainting, breathless,
We are God's, and God is deathless —
Take us, leave us, as thou wilt ! "

But, to-day, the air of spring
Breathes around a peaceful calm,
And his thoughts are like a psalm,

“Praise to God !”

Sung by Israel’s shepherd king ;
And around him Fancy paints
Here the budding rod of Aaron,
There the mystic rose of Sharon
And the lilies of the saints.

And the wind that softly steals
From the orchard trees in bloom,
Laden with their sweet perfume,

Seems to him

Blowing from celestial fields.
Priest and teacher of the town,
Long as stands good Londonderry,
With its stories sad and merry,
Shall thy name be handed down
As a man of prayer and mark,
Grave and reverend Matthew Clark !

Mat Clark

Came to Londonderry in 1729. He supplied the desk, made vacant that year by the death of Rev. James MacGregor, four years, until the settlement of Rev. Thomas Thompson in 1733. He lived but six years after he came to town, dying Jan. 25, 1735 ; and though never installed over the church, more is known of him by the people of the present day than is known of two of his successors—Mr. Thompson and Mr. Davidson—though their united pastorates amounted to fifty-five years.

THE MEMORY OF THE LATE JUDGE BELL.

REV. E. G. PARSONS offered the following tribute to the memory of the late Chief Justice BELL:

“We miss from our presence to-day the distinguished and manly form of one whose family name was familiar to the early settlers of the Londonderry colony, and which has descended with distinguished honor through each successive generation,—the late HON. SAMUEL D. BELL, of Manchester, the patriotic citizen, the pure-minded and honest man, and the humble believer in the faith of our early fathers.”

The sentiment was responded to by the Band, with the beautiful air of Pleyel's Hymn.

Rev. Dr. CYRUS W. WALLACE then sketched in a feeling and appreciative manner, the character of the late Judge Bell, with whom he had enjoyed an acquaintance of thirty years, and whom he knew as an honest man, an able and upright jurist, and as a believer in the faith of his fathers.

He also spoke of the religious character of the early settlers of the town, and remarked that their best monument existed in their works. He referred to a tour he had made to the British Isles, and named as among the most impressive incidents of the journey, his visits to the scenes of martyrdom, and the little walled town of Old Londonderry, where a monument, surmounted by a figure of George Walker, perpetuates the memory of the noble men from whom we sprang.

The remarks of Dr. Wallace were followed by the performance of “Old Hundred” by the band, the vast audience rising and joining in the familiar strains, with an effect which was strikingly solemn and impressive.

REMARKS.

BY REV. NATHANIEL BOUTON, D. D.

REV. DR. BOUTON, of Concord, said he would not make a speech, but, as being more in his line, would read extracts from the Records of the Province touching the early settlers of Londonderry. The first bears date June 26, 1718, and is an order of the Governor and Council.

1. "Whereas there are sundry familys of *credit and reputation* late arrived in this Government from Ireland, most of them being farmers, and disposed either to buy or rent lands, if to be had at reasonable terms wthin this Province,

"Ordered, That publick notice be given throughout the Province, thereof, that any p[']sons inclined either to lett or sell land, may have an opportunity so to do.

"RICHARD WALDRON, Cler. Con."

SCHOOLS.

2. "December 23, 1727.

"In the House of Representatives.

"Ordered, Upon the motion of James McKeen, Esq., and considering the Infancy of the Town of London Derry, Provided they keep two Schools for writing and reading in said Town, that they be exempted from the Penaltys in the Laws of this Province* relating to Grammar Schools, for one year now next ensuing, and to commence from their annual meeting in March next, and all courts that have authority in that affair are to take notice of this order and conform according to it.

"JAMES JEFFRY, Cler. Ass^m."

* In towns of one hundred families, the penalty for not maintaining a grammar school in which *Latin* was taught was £20 for six months' neglect.

The reason that Mr. McKeen assigned for this motion was, that "the charge of the Grammar School will maintain *two* other Schools for reading and writing, which is much more beneficial to them; few, if any of them, being able to give their children Grammar learning."

LINEN MANUFACTURES.

3. "In the House of Representatives, May 7th, 1731.

"Whereas there are great frauds and deceit practiced by persons travelling in this Province by selling of Foreign Linnens under pretence they were made at Londonderry, in this Province, which tends to the Damage of those who really make and sell the Linen in Londonderry, &c., for prevention of which and for encouraging the manufacturing Linen in said Town,

"*Voted*, That an Act be drawn up authorizing the said Town to make choice of a suitable person to seal all such linen as shall be made in the said Town, and to have a Seal with the name of the Town engraved on it, and authority to such sealer (if suspect 'twas not made in the Town) to administer an oath to the persons that bring linen to be sealed, that it was *bona fide* made in said town."

The foregoing extracts from the Province Records establish three important points:

1. The good character of the first settlers.
2. The interest they felt in schools.
3. The excellence of their home manufactures of linen.



Engraved by J. W. & Co.

W. F. Stevens

ADDRESS.

BY HON. AARON F. STEVENS.

FELLOW CITIZENS OF LONDONDERRY :

You meet here to-day, a mighty concourse of the living, in the solemn and majestic presence of the dead. You are assembled to honor a brave and sturdy ancestry, and to rejoice in the fruition of those labors which were begun by them in the midst of suffering, privation and danger. No scene could be to us more suggestive, no occasion more interesting. Before you are the habitations of man, the growth of prosperity and peace, the homes of industry and independence. Around you are the broad and fertile acres where for generations your ancestors plowed and sowed and reaped the harvests which are the reward of skill and industry. The sunlight of peace rests upon us to-day with beams as refulgent as the brightness of the morning. I read in your countenances, turned now upon one who is to most of you a stranger, the unerring signs of happiness and contentment, such as God has vouchsafed to man in the great struggle of life. You have stirred the heavens with your shouts of welcome, and warmed the hearts of your guests with words of kindest greeting, while you have spread the bounty of your hospitality with lavish hand before the garnered children of Old Londonderry. I thank you for it all. I rejoice with you this day, and feel that "it is good for us to be here." For, whether we have come up to our trysting place to renew the acquaintance and associations of former years, to awaken the sweet, sad memories of the past, to grasp once more in manhood or age the hands that were last unclasped in the hope of early childhood, to mark with exultation the improvement and

progress in human affairs, and the prosperity and almost universal happiness which spring from them, or to contemplate the heroic character of your ancestral kindred who now slumber with the great congregation of the dead, we shall, I am sure, each and all of us, draw from this occasion an inspiration which shall be to us in all time to come the spirit of beauty and joy.

Fellow citizens, the study of human character, as connected with the lives of men true, great and noble, in the various departments of human action, is among the most interesting and useful occupations of the human mind. To me the contemplation of the character and services of those men whom we class as the pioneers of Old Londonderry is the most natural and pleasing of the day's exercises. The good, experienced man, says an old philosopher, is the last measure of all things.

With you I have listened to the words of the historian to-day with pride and pleasure, as he brought before us vividly and truthfully the record of the character and services of the fathers. I can detain you only to unite my tribute of praise, and to cast an unworthy garland before the passing pageant. It becomes me to speak briefly and modestly of the past in this presence, and in connection with memories and thoughts which are awakened by this occasion. The historic associations of the old township are mine by birth and citizenship alone. It is not mine to trace a lineage to the brave old families who first cleared the forests and tilled the hitherto unbroken soil of Londonderry; who pierced the savage wilderness with hearts of oak and the weapons of civilization, and who planted here the seeds of Christian progress, that their children and their children's children might reap the golden harvest. But allow me to say that it is in no spirit of affectation that I claim to share the pride and the satisfaction with which you, their descendants, cherish their memories and bear their name. Their labors and their achievements are

the common heritage, and we will all unite here and hereafter, to do them honor.

To a descendant of one of the most eminent of the ancient families of Londonderry has been assigned the honorable duty of commemorating in fitting terms the progress of a century and a half in the history of your township. How well it has been accomplished, let your plaudits attest. I shall not seek to follow closely in his footsteps. But think not, my friends, that, as I listened to the voice of merited approbation and encómium, I was a stranger to the associations which came thronging upon you. I thought how, for a period passing the memory of man, the family whose honored name he bears had worn, with dignity, usefulness and honor, the robes of the chief magistrate and the senator, the ermine of the judge, and the arms of a soldier of the Union. I felt, as I listened, that I should have the right to recall the personal and professional friendship of earlier years, which linked me in sweet and pleasant memory with the illustrious names of Londonderry. Yes, my friends, the associations of a life not destitute of vicissitude and change have brought me face to face with the representatives of your early ancestry. I might, indeed, forget that friendship which is formed from the common intercourse of life, that confidence between man and his fellow which comes of ordinary association; but how could I fail to remember those which spring from the brotherhood of the camp and the field? And so, as I listened, there came crowding upon me thoughts and recollections, not only of the friendship of those high in elevated station, honored in civil life, but of one, a comrade in arms, a husband and a father, one of the earliest to march with me to the field, whose young blood was poured out on the altar of his country in that gallant yet fearful conflict, when amid bloodshed and carnage the blended arms of the Union triumphed, the laurels of Porter and Terry were won, and on the bloody bastions of

Fort Fisher Louis Bell fell in the arms of victory, in the glory of his youth, in the splendor of his fame!

Yes, my friends, there is something, after all, arising out of the events of life, which gives us a right to cherish the memory of your noble ancestry. Do not mistake me. I speak of ancestry in its true, American sense. I have little respect for that genealogy which traces its origin to accidental causes, while I would cherish with the warmest sentiments of esteem that which has descended worthily through trial, effort, endeavor, enterprise or honest thrift, and is ennobled by virtue and patriotism. Your pride of ancestry cannot rest on the accidents of life. Your ancestors were neither rich nor titled. The early records and traditions of Nutfield show anything but that. They were poor in the riches of the world, but opulent in hope and resolution. They were earnest, firm, steady, and filled with faith. They believed in labor, and were not destitute of that martial spirit without which no people can preserve their liberties or become powerful. They abhorred forms, and were not the victims of superstition. Surrounded by the most discouraging circumstances, they cherished education as second only to practical religion. The energies which in other newly settled countries have been exhausted in trade, commerce or manufactures, were by them expended in clearing the forests, in tilling the soil and enhancing the comforts of home. With prosperity came their love of country and their desire for independence. With surmounted trials came the inspirations of liberty, and out of the oppression of the mother government they sprang forth in the strength of effort and virtue, a nation among the nations of the earth, the pioneers of a free republican form of government, founded on the theory of the equality of man, and resting on the education and intelligence of the people.

How fortunate are we who meet here to-day, the survivors of an era which seems to have tested, through the terri-

ble trials of early rebellion, foreign war and civil commotion, the strength of this free and popular government of our fathers. The race from which we sprung has contended for centuries, in peace and war, against the doctrine which recognizes the divine origin of a government where the ruler is independent of the will of the subject and governs without responsibility to human power. Out of these contentions, and on the *theory* of inherent power in the body of the people, our English ancestors secured for themselves the *habeas corpus*, the right of conscience and trial by jury; and the progress of events happily indicates for them a broader recognition of the right of self government. But it has been reserved for our own country and for your day and mine, to illustrate the principle by legal recognition, that all power is derived from the People, without respect to former distinctions, and that, as applicable to the necessities or requirements of government, it is in its very nature inalienable. We live in an age and at a day when that government, founded and established on this cardinal principle, has just emerged from the severest trial of its history — the Rebellion of the Nineteenth Century.

When your fathers, fifty years ago, met to mark with due observance the lapse of a full century in their history, they congratulated each other, aye, with solemn services they thanked God, that through the throes of revolution, out of the dangers of foreign war, they had come forth triumphant. Might they not then felicitate themselves that this young, magnificent ship of state, launched by the hands of Washington and Lafayette, of Hamilton and Jefferson, was destined to sail successfully down the stream of time, no phantom shadow, but a living, majestic tribute to the wisdom and virtue of the fathers.

Yet even then, in that year of 1819, the clouds were gathering portentously in the horizon. The "Missouri question" was culminating. Slavery, the slumbering demon forced upon us by England, and which our fathers

and permitted to sleep in the folds of the constitution, had been aroused, and was struggling with his chains. Thank God, it no longer finds place or countenance in American legislation or American jurisprudence. It has sunk to rise no more. It has gone down in that sanguinary sea of civil strife through which the nation has just passed, sharing the fate of like oppressions—the Spanish Inquisition, the fire and fagot of persecution. Our fathers of that day, apprehensive, were yet hopeful. Had a prescience of the future of the next half century been vouchsafed them, how quickly their rejoicing would have been turned to mourning! How they would have shrunk from the terrible vision! What a history it has been! A foreign war, in which the proud and triumphant arms of the nation penetrated with irresistible valor the empire of a sister republic; the expansion of territory, reaching from ocean to ocean, the golden slopes of the Pacific linked in one government with the Alleghanies and the Atlantic; one flag from sea to sea across the wide continent; a country magnificent in extent and terrible in the grandeur of its people and its resources! Yet they would have beheld the institution of slavery, then in its infancy, now controlling every department of the national government, executive, legislative, judicial, pressing sharply on the liberty of the states, and at last rearing its horrid front athwart the sky, THE TERRIBLE REBELLION OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY;—a civil war of four years' duration, the fierce battalions struggling for mastery over a territory such as the Roman eagles never looked upon, with a valor worthy of the race and of their country, but with a cruelty overshadowing the annals of mediæval warfare, when prisoners were slain, not *starved*: a war which called the youth and manhood of New Hampshire from their mountain homes to carry the mingling banners of state and nation to final triumph by sea and land;—the downfall of slavery and rebellion, the final victory, and again Peace, white-winged and lovely, rising

out of the horrors of civil war and waving her wand of beneficence over all the land.

Such was *not* the vision of those who in 1819 celebrated the hundredth anniversary of the settlement of Londonderry. Theirs was a vision of peace and prosperity; theirs were the aspirations of hope. If they had reason to hope for the future of their country, have we not reason to rejoice in our triumphs over the unforeseen national trials which this generation has surmounted, and the greatness which it has achieved? Nations can no more escape trial and disaster than individuals. As we surmount the obstacles and trials of life, hope, aspiration and joy advance to assume the places of doubt, distrust and fear. As our country has successfully withstood its new and greatest trial, though we may not dismiss apprehension, we may cherish a stronger faith in her grander destiny and in the success of free institutions. Those institutions have been baptized anew in the blood of heroes who now sleep on the banks of the Mississippi and the Ohio; who are gathered from a hundred battle-fields to their final rest at Arlington and Gettysburg.

With such a price has our liberty been twice purchased, and it is appropriate that here on this spot, surrounded by the blessings which bring happiness to human existence and stability to human institutions, the blessings of national liberty, of universal education, and the teaching of Christianity, we should anew dedicate all we have and all we hope to be, to the maintenance of that government which has been transmitted to us from the fathers.

Young men who mingle to-day in these most interesting ceremonies, let me invite you, in the spirit of an intelligent manhood, to turn and recall the lives and services of those early children of Londonderry who laid the foundations of this fair heritage, who followed closely the footsteps of the earlier pioneers, or who improved on what had been so worthily begun. Read and reflect upon what they did in

their day and generation, for the family, the state, the nation. Follow them into the household; go with them to the halls of legislation and justice; tread with them the path of martial duty and success. You will not, it is true, find them without error, but you may safely ask yourself where, in all history, will you find higher, purer, better examples of virtue and patriotism, of Christian character and Christian progress, than are recorded of these men of the olden time. And if you find that in contentment with their lot, in attachment to the religion of their fathers, in a warm and ardent patriotism; in the frugal decencies of a country life, now so often shunned and contemned; in a patient and continued industry which seldom fails to bring success; in devotion to the interests of the family, while not neglectful of the interests of the neighborhood and state; in the courage to repel wrong, and to contend, even to death, for the right; in the just and moderate ambition to heighten and improve their condition in life, to increase the comforts and happiness of life by the unquestionable agencies of wealth and knowledge, and finally, to trust with implicit confidence and faith that Power whose mercies were recognized by the starving garrison on the banks of the Foyle, and by the struggling patriots at Bunker's Hill and Yorktown,—if you find in these the elements of character and evidences of success which we proudly celebrate to-day, then I am justified in the sententious admonition, “Go thou and do likewise.”



C. M. Grissman.

ADDRESS.

BY REV. CADFORD M. DINSMORE.

MR. PRESIDENT :

I confess to a feeling of embarrassment in being called upon so unexpectedly to speak at this grand centennial gathering. I regret that the family name, of which such honorable mention has just been made, is compelled to put up with so unworthy a representative. We are disappointed in not hearing from some one of the distinguished kindred at my left, hailing from New York, Ohio and Kentucky.

Some complaint has been made of not being able to hear. Please, dear friends, give yourselves no trouble about that. I have but little to say, and at this late hour I think you will be glad of it. The eloquent gentlemen who have preceded me have left nothing unsaid.

A certain pious old Roman was accustomed to thank the gods daily for three things, viz.: first, that he was a man; secondly, that he was a Roman; and thirdly, that he was cotemporary with the great Cato. Ought we not to express our heartfelt *thanks* that we are permitted to enjoy this memorable occasion, the like of which to us will never return; that a kind Providence has favored us with a day so auspicious, so full of sunshine and joy; that the God of our fathers has been with their children; that he gave to us such a noble ancestry; and that so many worthy descendants of the old Londonderry stock, some occupying high political and social positions, have come "from near and from far" to participate in these festivities?

As I look over this vast assemblage, and picture to my

mind the little band of early settlers, as they appeared a hundred years ago, the words of the prophet are fulfilled in our history, "A little one shall become a thousand, and a small one a great nation."

A lady was speaking to me this morning somewhat disparagingly of Nutfield: its sandbanks and barren plains; its shrub-oaks and stunted pines, in lieu of which two mullein-stalks and a huckleberry bush made a grove; and the pigs so poor and lank that in plucking a spear of grass they would fall over. Now that is all a mistake. What soil has been more prolific? Its inhabitants have been fruitful and multiplied, and replenished the earth.

If departed spirits take cognizance of what transpires on earth, then may our venerable Scotch Irish grandmothers look down from the battlements of heaven upon these fair daughters and manly sons before me, and with the proud mother of the Gracchi say, "These are my jewels."

Tenacity of opinion was a prominent trait of Scottish character. An old Scotchman of Boston used to say, "I'm open to conviction, but I'd like to see the man that can convince me." It is related of old Minister Wells, the predecessor of the Rev. Dr. Storrs, of Braintree, Mass., himself a Scotchman, that he used to say: "It behooveth a Scotchman to be right; for if he be wrong, he be forever and eternally wrong." He was no modern turncoat. Could the Cynic who said, "I seek a man," have met with a genuine Scotch Covenanter, his wish would have been realized.

Industry characterized the women. They were true helpmeets to their husbands. They were keepers at home, and trained up their children to serve their country and their God. Their piano was the hum of the wheel and the stroke of the loom. They had no time to discuss woman's rights. Their lectures were given in a more private capacity.

If the ideas of those loquacious Amazonians prevail, what are we coming to? In a recent Female Suffrage Convention those gentle agitators unanimously voted that if they could not have their rights they would stop the population of the country!

ADDRESS.

BY HON. AARON H. CRAGIN.

MR. PRESIDENT:

There is such a thing in this world as too much of a good thing, and I have no doubt this audience have concluded they have had enough of speaking, though the speeches have been more than good. Besides, Mr. President, I have no right to occupy this stand. I am not a native of this glorious old town, or the descendant of a native; but I can claim to be a descendant of the same stock. My great ancestor, John Cragin, a Scotchman, was taken prisoner at the battle of Dunbar, and banished to this country. From him have sprung all of our name in the United States. I may, therefore, properly feel an interest in the celebration of the settlement of Londonderry by Scotchmen, and a pride in their character and noble deeds. I glory in the virtues and achievements of the founders of Londonderry, and I shall never lose faith in the perpetuity of the free institutions of this Republic and the freedom of the people, so long as such virtues and deeds are revered and emulated.

FINALE.

IT WAS now announced by the President of the day that the regular programme had been carried out, and it was moved and seconded that the meeting be adjourned for fifty years. The motion prevailed. Extra trains of cars were in readiness, and were soon on their homeward way, filled to overflowing. Of course great numbers remained in Derry and Londonderry, to revive old associations, and to tell the stories of other days.

All in all, the celebration was a complete, conspicuous and very emphatic success. Not an incident nor an accident occurred to detract from the general effect of pleasantness and gratification. Fifty years hence may the records of this festival be read to other generations in larger numbers and larger tents, upon the plains of old Londonderry. Long live the descendants of the Scotch Irish!



Yours &
Sam^l D. Bell

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

HON. SAMUEL D. BELL, LL. D.

BY HON. CHARLES H. BELL, OF EXETER, N. H.

[From the N. E. Hist. and Genealogical Register.]

It is seldom that a life has been passed of greater usefulness than that of the late Chief Justice Bell, of New Hampshire. He was never in the most conspicuous field of public employment, nor were his labors of a character to awaken the popular admiration; but for many years he occupied a most important and responsible position in his state, and the service he rendered to the community was constant and of inestimable value.

Samuel Dana Bell was born in Francestown, N. H., October 9, 1798. His father was the Hon. Samuel Bell, LL. D., a judge of the Superior Court, four years governor of New Hampshire, and twelve years a senator of the United States. His mother was a daughter of the Hon. Samuel Dana, of Amherst, N. H.

He manifested, at an early age, the love of study which distinguished him through life. He entered Harvard College in his fourteenth year, and was graduated in the class of 1816. He then commenced the study of the law in the office of the Hon. George Sullivan, of Exeter, and was admitted to the bar of the county of Rockingham early in the year 1820.

The first few months of his professional life he passed in Meredith, in the present county of Belknap, but within the

year he established himself in Chester, then a town of some note, and the home of several gentlemen of cultivation and distinction. Entering into practice there, he soon acquired a reputation for being a sagacious, learned and trustworthy lawyer, and obtained an ample business and the full confidence of the community. In the year 1823, he was appointed solicitor of the county of Rockingham for the term of five years. In 1825 and 1826, he was elected a representative in the state legislature, and in the latter year was placed upon a commission to revise the statutes of the state. In 1827 and 1828, he was chosen clerk of the house of representatives, and in the latter year was reappointed county solicitor, which office, however, he declined.

Mr. Bell remained in Chester ten years, and then took up his residence in Exeter, the half-shire town of the county of Rockingham, where he discharged the duties of cashier of the Exeter Bank for some years, though without relinquishing his legal studies, or even the whole of his practice.

In 1836 he determined to devote his entire time to his profession, and with that view removed to Concord, the capital of the state; but it soon being apparent that Manchester was to become the leading town of New Hampshire, and upon receiving the appointment of general attorney to the company chiefly concerned in its advancement, he determined to make that place his home, and fixed his residence there in 1839.

In 1840 Mr. Bell was placed at the head of a commission for another revision of the statutes. To this work, the greater part of which fell to his share, he gave unwearied care and research. It was completed in about two years, and in a manner which admirably met the urgent wants of the legal profession and of the community.

In 1846 Manchester had found the need of a city charter, and Mr. Bell, at the desire of the leading citizens,

accepted the office of judge of the police court, which he held long enough to fix upon that tribunal the impress of his own accurate and systematic habits; and, two years later, he received the appointment of circuit judge of the Common Pleas throughout the state. This office he held until 1849, when he was placed upon the bench of the Superior Court, the highest tribunal of the state. In 1859 he was elected to the position of Chief Justice, which he retained until his resignation in 1864.

It was his intention from this time to relinquish all professional employment, and he declined every retainer, even those of a permanent and lucrative character, and which were offered him in a form to encroach little upon his pursuits or leisure. In 1866, however, on being again appointed at the head of a commission to revise the statutes, he did not refuse his assent, but with his usual diligence and fidelity acquitted himself of the arduous duty, which was accomplished so speedily that the work was before the legislature in season to be adopted at the ordinary brief session in 1867.

This was the last public service upon which Judge Bell was engaged. His health had been delicate for some years before, and about this time he was prostrated by an attack of inflammatory rheumatism, from which he never recovered. He lingered in a condition of great helplessness for a year after, bearing his privations and occasional sufferings with cheerfulness, and died at his residence in Manchester, on the 31st day of July, 1868.

Judge Bell received from nature an inquiring disposition, a retentive memory, and a love of order and method, to which he added habits of untiring application. He was never inclined to out-door occupations, and almost the whole of his time, out of the court-room, was passed in his office or library. He found his amusement and recreation, as well as his employment, in his books and pen.

His profession was, of course, the first object of his

study. He pursued it to an extent and in directions far beyond the usual range of lawyers, even of the foremost rank. He not only made himself master of the common law and equity systems, from the works of the early sages of the profession down to the latest reported cases, but was scarcely less familiar with the civil law, the French code, the jurisprudence of Scotland, and even the legislation of each of the United States. From all these sources he drew reasons, analogies and illustrations, to fortify and enrich his judicial opinions.

He possessed rare personal qualifications for a position upon the bench. Dignified in appearance and bearing, he was distinguished for patience and courtesy. He made abundant allowance for the diffident and the slow; but he had no tolerance for conceit and impudence. He had all an honorable man's aversion to meanness and the lower arts of the profession; he used his position and authority to promote no partisan or partial purposes. Knowing no favorites, he rather imposed severer terms on those whom he might be expected to favor, when they chanced to ask for some indulgence from the court. With his methodical, laborious habits, it may well be supposed that the duties of his position were always promptly discharged. No cause languished in his court by reason of the unreadiness of the judge.

He was a man of very decided opinions. Quick in his impressions, he was ready enough to yield them for sufficient cause; but when he had deliberately arrived at a conclusion, it was after a careful examination and reasoning, and he did not easily abandon it. It is not surprising that those who were so unfortunate as to disagree with him sometimes thought him unduly tenacious and hard to move; but it is believed that not even the most vehement opponent ever doubted his sincerity and the honesty of his convictions.

It is somewhat remarkable that Judge Bell, being no

little of a "black-letter lawyer," and living, as it were, so much in the past, was not a determined foe to innovations upon *antiquas vias*. But he was, on the contrary, quite ready to recognize the operations of the spirit of the age upon the legal system, and was by no means slow to embody in the statutes, and even in his judicial opinions, the growth of modern sentiment in amelioration of the ruder doctrines of the early law.

The purity of Judge Bell's public and private life deserves to be mentioned, to his honor. The ermine which he wore was unsullied indeed; no shade of wrong or dishonor ever fell upon his name. In a long life, so great a part of which was passed in the discharge of official employments, many as were the persons who must have been disappointed by his acts and opinions, no one of them ever ventured to cast a reflection upon his motives or his conduct. He went down to his grave with his fair fame wearing its life-long lustre, and with the sincere respect of even those who most widely differed from him.

His studies were by no means limited to his profession. He was a great general reader, and his stores of knowledge upon matters unconnected with the law were remarkable; but he gave more special attention to history and the kindred subjects of biography, genealogy and topography, to mechanics and the natural sciences. In these departments he was satisfied with no half-knowledge, and it was his habit to keep himself fully informed of every fresh publication and discovery.

It may not be uninteresting to mention the field of historical investigation in which he was most engaged. Perhaps there was no subject on which he bestowed more labor than that of the early history of his own state, and in connection with it, the first European settlements upon the eastern shores of New England. By long study and diligent research of scattered and neglected sources of information, this had become familiar ground to him, and it

is much to be regretted that the exacting nature of his employments did not allow him the leisure to embody his knowledge on a subject so full of interest and so little understood, in a form to be available to others.

He did, indeed, make some progress in gathering the materials for a work which was to him a labor of love, upon the Judicial History of New Hampshire. Throughout his life he had assiduously collected all that was to be learned from record and tradition, of the courts, the judiciary and the bar, of his state. His own recollection extended over the period of half a century, and to the times of the "giants of the law," and his memory was richly stored with the anecdotes and sketches of personal character, so apt to be rejected as trifling by grave historians, but which give a living interest to the bare outlines, which are all that usually survive to us of the persons and things of the past generations. No one could have performed such an undertaking so well as Judge Bell, had his health permitted him to complete it; but before he had brought his work up to the close of the first century, it was interrupted by the hand of disease, and was never resumed. It is to be hoped that even the fragment of a work of so much interest and value will not be suffered to pass into oblivion.

Immersed in study as he was, Judge Bell had no want of interest in plans for the public advantage. Manchester, his home, now a thriving city of some thirty thousand souls, was, when he fixed his abode there, a mere village, with its future all undetermined. Upon its few leading inhabitants depended the question of its subsequent moral, material and social status. Judge Bell entered with interest into every scheme for the prospective welfare of the town. Among the public enterprises which he was greatly instrumental in establishing, was that of the City Library, which, in spite of all drawbacks, is to-day extensive, valuable, and incalculably useful to the people; and being fixed

upon a liberal and permanent basis, will ere long be among the foremost institutions of its kind, and will remain a fitting monument of the wisdom and forecast which laid its foundation.

Judge Bell was an early member of the New Hampshire Historical Society, and for years held its principal offices. He prepared two valuable papers upon historical subjects, which he read before that society, and contributed largely to several volumes of its published collections. He was always earnest in his efforts for its maintenance and welfare, and at one time assumed alone considerable pecuniary liabilities which were weighing heavily upon the institution. He retained his interest in it to the last, and was upon its committee of publication up to the time of his decease.

Such is a mere outline of some of the more prominent characteristics of one who was a learned jurist, a ripe scholar, and an upright and earnest man. Yet it cannot but be felt how poorly and unworthily it will indicate to those who never knew him the high and unselfish aims, the symmetrical character, the useful and exemplary life, and the beneficent influence, which are held in so tender remembrance by the circle of his friends.

Judge Bell's descent was as follows :

PATERNAL.

Matthew Bell, a native of Scotland, emigrated to Ireland some years before the siege of Londonderry, at which he was present, and had two sons (known): Matthew, who emigrated to New York, and John Bell,² born near Colrain, in Ireland, 1679; married, 171—, Elizabeth Todd; came to this country about 1719, and settled in Londonderry, N. H., and died there July 8, 1743. They had six daughters and three sons, of whom the youngest was John Bell,³ born in Londonderry, N. H., August 15, 1730; married, December 21, 1758, Mary Ann Gilmore, and died in Londonderry, November 30, 1825. They had seven daughters and five

sons, of whom the sixth child and third son was Samuel Bell,⁴ born in Londonderry, February 9, 1770; married, first, May 26, 1797, Mehitable Bowen Dana, by whom he had two daughters and four sons; and second, July 4, 1826, Lucy Giddings Smith, by whom he had four sons, and died in Chester, N. H., December 23, 1850. His first child by his first marriage was Samuel Dana Bell⁵.

MATERNAL.

Richard Dana was born in England, emigrated to this country, and married, in 164-, Ann Bullard, in Cambridge, Mass., and died there April 2, 1690. They had four daughters and seven sons, of whom the seventh child and sixth son was Benjamin Dana,² born in Cambridge, February 20, 1660; married, May 23, 1688, Mary Buckminster, and died in Cambridge, August 13, 1738. They had three daughters and seven sons, of whom the seventh child and sixth son was William Dana,³ born in Cambridge, October 11, 1703; married, in 1735, Mary Greene, and died in Cambridge, May 17, 1770. They had three daughters and six sons, of whom the second son and child was Samuel Dana,⁴ born in Cambridge, January 14, 1739; married, May 6, 1762, Anna Kenrick, and died in Amherst, N. H., April 1, 1798. They had six sons and six daughters, of whom the fourth daughter and tenth child was Mehitable Bowen Dana,⁵ born in Groton, Mass., November 8, 1780; married, May 26, 1797, Samuel Bell, and died in Amherst, N. H., September 17, 1810. Her first child was Samuel Dana Bell.⁶

HON. E. H. DERBY.

ELIAS HASKET DERBY was born in Salem, Mass., September 24, 1803, and removed with his father, the late General E. H. Derby, to Londonderry, N. H., in 1815. After a preparatory course of five years at the Pinkerton Academy, he entered Harvard University, in 1820, as a Londonderry boy, and graduated with the third part, the Latin Oration, for the Bachelor's and Master's Degree.

While in college he was distinguished as a classical scholar, and for close application to study. He read law with the Hon. Daniel Webster, then at the zenith of his fame.

In 1827 he opened an office in Boston, embarking at first in general practice, but for the last thirty years he has made railway questions a specialty; his eminence in that direction often bringing him in conflict with Curtis, Loring, Choate and Webster. He has done much to shape the railway legislation of the country.

Mr. Derby, while pursuing his profession, has served also in the direction of the Western and Fitchburg lines, always advocating a liberal policy. He presided over the Old Colony and Metropolitan lines when they required a skillful pilot.

While achieving legal eminence, Mr. Derby has not forsaken the pleasant walks of literature which inspired and charmed his college days. The "Edinburgh Review," the "Atlantic Monthly," and, indeed, nearly all the leading magazines at home and abroad, have been enriched by articles from his pen. He is also the author of "Two Months Abroad," "The Catholic," "The Overland Route to the Pacific," and many reports on the British Provinces, the Fisheries, and kindred subjects, written while Commissioner of the United States, all of which had wide circulation.

Mr. Derby has contributed to the progress of public improvement. He was actively engaged in opening steam communication on the coast of Maine, and his resolutions, endorsed by a meeting of Boston merchants, led Cunard to enlarge his steamships from eight hundred to eleven hundred and fifty tons, and to make Boston his terminus, in place of Halifax.

During our late struggle the country was indebted to him for the spirit with which he took up and pursued the construction of ironclads, and one of his letters, read on the floor of Congress by the Hon. E. B. Washburn, once a student in his office, in which he predicted a great national calamity if Congress failed to pass the bill, under which the first monitor was built, is supposed to have carried the measure.

His success in life has enabled him to aid others, and to educate four sons for the learned professions.

REV. C. M. DINSMORE.

CADFORD M. DINSMORE, son of John T. G. Dinsmore, was born in Windham, N. H., August 20, 1826. Subsequently his parents moved to Derry. His time, during his minority, was divided between laboring on the farm, attending school and teaching. He pursued his preparatory studies at the Pinkerton Academy and the Seminary at Sanbornton Bridge, and graduated at the Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn., in the class of 1851. He studied theology at Concord, N. H. Before entering the ministry, he was principal of the Academy at Andover.

November 23, 1852, he married Miss Cornelia P. Hall, of Colchester, Conn. Since he joined the New Hampshire Annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, he has been stationed at the following places, viz.: Peter-



Watt Bead

borough, Rindge, Newmarket, Suncook, Lawrence, Mass., Great Falls, Newport, Keene and Portsmouth.

In 1854 he was elected a member of the Legislature, and in 1866 received the appointment of Commissioner of Common Schools for Sullivan County and member of the Board of Education for the state. During the late war he served for a time in the Christian Commission, chiefly at Fortress Monroe and Petersburg.

Mr. Dinsmore is an able and highly successful preacher of the gospel in the denomination to which he belongs. His energy of character and general ability have won for him an enviable position in the New Hampshire Conference.

ADJUTANT-GENERAL NATT HEAD.

ADJUTANT-GENERAL NATT HEAD was born in Hooksett, N. H., May 20, 1828. His father, Colonel John Head, who died in 1836, was a farmer and a heavy lumber dealer, and an esteemed and valuable citizen. The son continued the business of the father, and, in connection with a brother, is still extensively engaged in farming, lumbering, and the manufacture of brick. He was early successful in business, and soon gained an enviable reputation for enterprise, integrity and honorable dealing. These qualities have given General Head prominence in various matters of public concern. He built the line of railroad from Suncook to Hooksett, and that from Suncook to Pittsfield. He also rebuilt the United States Military Asylum at Augusta, Maine, the first structure having been destroyed by fire.

In the financial world he has attained a high rank, and is a director of the First National Bank, and a trustee of the Merrimack River Savings Bank, of Manchester, president of

the China Savings Bank, of Suncook, and a director of the Suncook Valley Railroad.

In civil affairs he exhibits marked executive talent, and has filled various town offices, and in 1861 and 1862 he represented Hooksett in the Legislature.

As a practical farmer, he has always taken a deep interest in agriculture, and has been a long time a director of the State Society, and is now its president and a life member. In 1869 he was appointed by the Governor and Council a trustee of the New Hampshire College of Agriculture and the Mechanic Arts.

From his father, who was many years an officer in the State Militia, and from his paternal grandfather, Captain Nathaniel Head, who served meritoriously as an officer through the Revolutionary war, General Head inherited military taste and spirit. He is a member of the National Lancers of Boston, and of the Battalion of Amoskeag Veterans, of Manchester, of which corps he is the commander. In 1863 he was appointed chief of the Governor's staff, and in 1864 was made by Governor Gilmore Adjutant-, Inspector- and Quartermaster-General of the State of New Hampshire. He was called to this position at a time when the nation was in one of the most important crises of the great civil war, and when the loyal people of New Hampshire were straining every nerve to raise the men called for under the President's proclamation of the preceding month. During the remainder of the war he rendered the country important aid. No state in the Union had a more faithful, efficient and popular Adjutant-General than New Hampshire. The clerical duties of the office were performed in an admirable manner, and the method by which the records of our soldiers were persistently hunted up and placed on file, and the order and system exhibited in carrying on and preserving the extensive and valuable correspondence of the department, are worthy of the highest praise. Many letters are now preserved in

the office, from the highest civil and military officers of New Hampshire, from Adjutant-Generals of various states, and from the War and other departments at Washington, all testifying to the excellence of the system inaugurated, and to the highly efficient manner in which the affairs of the office were conducted.

The reports of the department, during the administration of General Head, not only give the name and history of every officer and soldier who entered the service from New Hampshire, but they contain biographical sketches of all the field officers from our state who were killed in battle, or who died from disease during the war, together with a brief history of all the regiments, giving their principal movements from their departure to their return home. These reports further include the military history of New Hampshire from 1623 to 1861, the records of which period were collected with great perseverance and under many discouragements, from various sources in this and other states, and from the rolls of the War Department at Washington, thus making the reports, as a whole, a work of great value to our people of the present day, and at the same time constituting an invaluable contribution to the military history of the nation, while its worth to posterity cannot be estimated.

As a citizen, General Head occupies a high and popular position, by reason of his genial and courteous manners and his large public spirit, while his constant and unwearied devotion to the "Boys in Blue" secured for him the highest respect and esteem, and won for him the enduring title of "The Soldiers' Friend."

HON. GEORGE W. PATTERSON.

GEORGE WASHINGTON PATTERSON was born in Londonderry, N. H., November 11, 1799. He was the youngest of the twelve children of Deacon Thomas Patterson and Elizabeth Wallace, eleven of whom reached mature life. His early years were mainly spent in assisting his father and brothers in the cultivation of the paternal acres, picking up what education he could from a few brief terms at the common school and at the Pinkerton Academy.

He occupied himself, during the winter of 1817-18, in teaching a district school in Pelham, N. H. In June following he went to Western New York, where he laid the foundation of his fortune in the manufacture of fanning mills. In the spring of 1824, he purchased a farm in Leicester, Livingston County, N. Y., built the first framed house in that vicinity, and became a farmer. Here he remained until 1841, when he removed to Westfield, N. Y., where he now lives, to take charge of the business of the Holland Land Company, a position just vacated by the Hon. W. H. Seward, who had been chosen governor.

Mr. Patterson has been called to suffer his full share of the burdens and responsibilities of public life. Passing over without mention the many minor offices which he has filled, he was member of the New York Assembly in 1831, '32, '34, '35, '36, '37, '38, '39 and '40, the last two of which he was Speaker. In the autumn of 1848 he was elected Lieutenant-Governor of New York for two years, on the same ticket with Hamilton Fish as Governor. Besides these offices, he held for many years state positions of great responsibility at Albany and New York, under appointment of Governors Seward, Clark and Morgan.

In 1825 he married Hannah Whiting Dickey, daughter of the late John Dickey, Esq., of Londonderry, N. H. They have two children, George Washington, jr., who is a

banker at Corning, N. Y., and Hannah W., who lives at Westfield.

Mr. Patterson has large acquaintance with the leading men of the day, and has been eminently successful in acquiring wealth, position and influence. His large fortune enables him to dispense the most liberal charities, and no man is more judicious or generous in their bestowal. Of course he has many friends, and thousands have enjoyed the genial companionship and kindly hospitalities of himself and his accomplished family, at his mansion on the shores of Lake Erie.

HON. JAMES WILLIS PATTERSON.

JAMES WILLIS PATTERSON springs from some of the best stock of the people who originally settled Londonderry. Alexander Patterson, the emigrant, one of the original settlers of the northern section of the town, was a man of character, as the records of the town show,—a report in his handwriting and signed by him, as the chairman of an important committee of reference, being found among the papers, of as early date as 1748. His wife, Elizabeth Arbuckle, was the only woman whose name appears on the call of Rev. David MacGregor.

Joseph Patterson, grandfather of the Senator, married Susannah Duncan, whose mother, Naomi Bell, was a sister of Hon. John Bell, the father of Governor John and of Senator Samuel Bell.

William Patterson, son of Joseph and father of the Senator, settled upon a farm in Henniker, and there the subject of this sketch was born, July 2, 1823, his mother, Frances Mary Shepard, being a second wife.

The early education of Senator Patterson, with the ex-

ception of a term or two at the academy, to which he traveled a distance of more than three miles, was gleaned from the limited advantages of a district school, the income of the farm allowing nothing more. He always worked during the summers upon the farm, from early boyhood, till the family removed to Lowell, when he went into a cotton mill. The agent of the mill, John Aiken, Esq., of Andover, Mass., however, soon becoming interested in his character, took him into his counting-room, and was ever after his friend and adviser.

The family returning to the farm after an absence of some years, this son went with them, worked upon the farm one season, and kept the district school in Henniker village, with marked success, in the winter. The next year found him in Lowell, in the counting-room with his friend again, where he remained two or three years, in a restless, dissatisfied state of mind, till, with the approval of his employer, he started out determined to go to college. In a year and a half, with a most inadequate preparation, acquired in part under an incompetent teacher, but mostly with no teacher at all, he entered Dartmouth College, where he took the lead of his class, graduating with the first honor in 1848.

From college he went to Woodstock, Connecticut, taking charge of an academy and studying law at the same time. There he formed a warm and permanent intimacy with Henry Ward Beecher, who used to spend the summer months in that town, and under his persuasions he was induced to turn from the Law to Theology. In 1851 he entered the Theological Seminary of New Haven, and under the rigid exactions of the celebrated Dr. Nathaniel Taylor, completed the course in half the prescribed time, more than paying his expenses meanwhile by instructing a private class of ladies in the city.

In 1852 he was called back to Dartmouth as Tutor in Mathematics; in 1854 was promoted to the professorship

in that department, and in 1859, when the chair of Astronomy and Meteorology was founded, he was promoted to that professorship, the duties of which he continued with eminent efficiency to discharge till his congressional life compelled his resignation.

His first work in public life was as Secretary of the Board of Education, and the eminent capacity which, from 1858 to 1862 inclusive, he brought to this arduous position, attracted the attention of the state, contributing unquestionably to his speedy entrance into larger honors. In 1862 he was in the State Legislature, at once assuming a leading position. In 1863 he was elected a Representative in Congress, reëlected in 1865, and chosen Senator in 1867, for the term ending in 1873. In the present Congress he is serving as a prominent member of the leading Committee on Foreign Relations, second on the Committee on the District of Columbia, and Chairman of the Joint Committee on Retrenchment.

Senator Patterson, though one of the readiest and most attractive orators in that body, does not often address the Senate. He does not speak, except when a clear sense of duty calls upon him, never permits himself to make a set speech without thorough preparation, deals chiefly with fundamental principles, and commands invariably the close attention of his associates. He is a close student, laborious in the committees, gives his whole energies to his public duties, and no senator has achieved a higher standing than he occupies, who has not been longer than he a member of that body. His duties upon the District Committee for years have brought him into familiar relations with the people of the District, and it is not too much to say that no senator ever stood higher than he in their estimation. His rare eloquence, not only upon the stump, but in the higher ranges of literature and of statesmanship, has beset him in every direction with calls for addresses, from his first appearance in public life, and the manner in which he

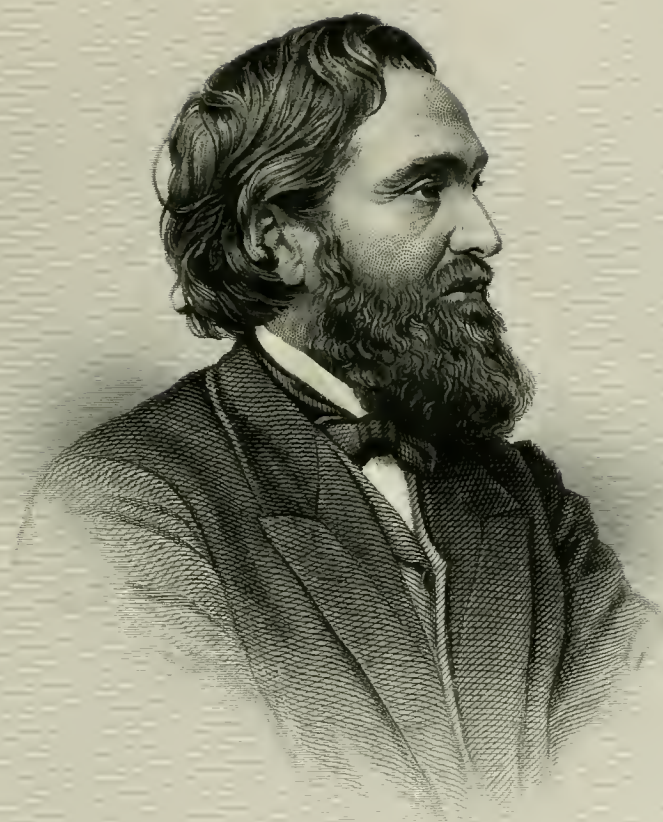
has always met every call which he has accepted, has multiplied the importunities. No member of Congress is so eagerly sought in the District when the dignities and the graces of eloquence are in requisition, in behalf of any good work, and no member secures larger or choicer audience, this being the more striking from the fact that his popular appeals are essentially to the understanding, not the mere sounding captivations for the ear. Some of his efforts in the Senate have attracted great attention, his argument in the matter of the consular service being one of the earliest of his elaborate speeches, its exhaustive character producing a revolution in that system. Some of his more recent efforts upon the great leading questions of statesmanship have been of still more breadth and power.

Senator Patterson married Sarah Wilder, of Meredith, N. H., a lady of talents and education, and they have one child, a son of some dozen years of age. The portrait of Senator Patterson in this volume, will be recognized by those familiar with him as an exceedingly life-like, accurate likeness.

HON. FREDERICK SMYTH.

EX-GOVERNOR FREDERICK SMYTH, chief officer and manager of the Merrimack River Savings Bank, and of the First National Bank of Manchester, was born in Candia, March 9, 1819. His earlier years, in the intervals of time not devoted to common school and academic education, were occupied in farm labor.

In 1838 he began in Manchester as a clerk, and soon commenced business for himself. In 1849 he was chosen City Clerk, which office he held for three years, when he was made Mayor of the city, a position to which he was elected three times in succession. Among the permanent



J. Stewart sculp.

Frederick Smyth

GOVERNOR OF NEW HAMPSHIRE 1865-66

results of these years, may be named the Free Public Library, the New Passenger Station, the Falls Bridge, and the annexation of Amoskeag and Piscataquog. In 1864, at the desire of both parties, he was again chosen to the same office.

In 1855 he was appointed chairman of a Board of Commissioners, one of whom was the late Judge Harvey, to locate and build a House of Reformation for Juvenile Offenders, a work successfully accomplished in the face of much opposition.

In 1861 he made a brief European tour, acting as commissioner to the World's Fair in London, where he was one of the jurors, and also in behalf of the United States Agricultural Society, visiting kindred associations in Great Britain and on the Continent.

In 1865 Mr. Smyth was chosen Governor of the state by the largest majority for twenty-five years. He was triumphantly reëlected in 1866, and the same year was appointed by Congress one of the managers, for a term of six years, of the National Asylum for Disabled Soldiers. A very general desire was manifested that he should be a candidate for a third gubernatorial term, but he positively declined.

In recognition of his services in behalf of Dartmouth College, that institution conferred upon him the degree of Master of Arts, and made him a trustee of the Agricultural College.

In 1844 Mr. Smyth married Emily, daughter of the late John Lane, Esq., of Candia, a lady highly esteemed by her many friends for her noble qualities of mind and excellences of character. He is perhaps as good an example of a thoroughly self-made man as the limits of the old "Chestnut Country" can show, and is a proof of the fact that it is not necessary to emigrate from New Hampshire to find a sphere for enterprise and energy.

GEN. AARON F. STEVENS.

AARON FLETCHER STEVENS was born August 19, 1819, in Londonderry (now Derry), N. H. He was the only son of Captain John F. and Martha Stevens, who had but a short time previous removed from Massachusetts to that town. There were three daughters, Martha M., Mary Ann and Permilia, the latter two of whom are still living.

Captain Stevens was a man of great activity and industry, and both parents entertained the strongest desire for the education and improvement of their children. The father had for some twenty years been in sea-faring pursuits, and had been left by the vicissitudes of fortune with limited means when he retired, at the earnest solicitation of the mother, from the adventurous life of a mariner to the quiet of the country.

A residence of ten years in Londonderry gave the elder children more than an ordinary advantage for an education. In 1828 the family removed to Manchester, N. H., and from thence to Peterborough, where the eldest daughter died, at the age of twenty-seven years. In 1838 the family settled in Nashua, where the parents died, and where the son has ever since resided.

The early portion of General Stevens's life was passed in alternate labor and study. His aspirations for a classical education and professional life were checked by want of means, and at the age of sixteen he was apprenticed to the trade of a machinist, and for several years pursued the occupation in connection with school teaching in the winter and occasional terms of study at the Nashua academies. In 1842 he commenced the study of law, was admitted to the bar in 1845, and at once entered upon a large and increasing practice, which continued until he left the state for the field, at the breaking out of the Rebellion.

Mr. Stevens filled the office of Solicitor of Hillsborough

county for five years, represented Nashua in the House of Representatives four years, and was active in politics as a Whig and Republican from his earliest majority.

At the breaking out of the Rebellion he volunteered his services, which were at once accepted, and he left for the seat of war as Major of the First New Hampshire Volunteers. On the 19th of May, 1861, just before leaving for the field, he was married to Adelaide M., daughter of Edward A. Johnson, Esq., of Nahant, Mass. The following year he was commissioned as Colonel of the Thirteenth Regiment of New Hampshire Volunteers, a superb regiment, whose fortunes he followed until the close of the war, participating with them in all their battles.

In the campaign of 1864 he commanded a brigade on the right of Grant's line in front of Petersburg. In September of that year, while leading his command in the assault upon Fort Harrison, he was severely wounded, rendering him a cripple for life.

General Stevens was with his regiment mustered out of service in June, 1865, and resumed his practice at Nashua. In March, 1867, he was elected to Congress by the people of the Second District, and reëlected to the Forty-first Congress in 1869. He has always preserved his acquaintance with the citizens of his native town, and joined with great interest and pleasure in the exercises of our anniversary.

SAMUEL H. TAYLOR, LL. D.

THE emigrant ancestor of Samuel Harvey Taylor, whose name was Matthew, came to Londonderry in the emigration of 1722. He held the title deeds of his broad acres from Lieutenant-Governor John Wentworth, to whom a large farm in the southeasterly part of the town had pre-

viously been granted by the original proprietors. This same tract was fifty years before the property and in possession of John Leverett, Governor of the Massachusetts Colony, from 1673 to 1679. He held this land under grant from that Colony, and it is called in the records a "wilderness farme of one thousand acres," and there is little doubt that a half filled cellar, northerly of and near to Leverett's bridge, marks the site of a cabin built by some adventurer in the interest of Governor Leverett.

Dr. Taylor is a lineal descendant from Matthew in the third generation, and on these domains, once the possession of governors, he first saw the light. He was born October 3, 1807, the eldest son of the late Deacon James Taylor, a man of great energy of character and high Christian principle. Like most of the Derry boys, Harvey, as he was familiarly called, in remembrance of the maiden name of his great-grandmother, fitted for college at Pinkerton Academy. He entered the Sophomore Class in Dartmouth, in 1829, and graduated in 1832. The same year he entered the Theological Seminary at Andover, Mass., and graduated in 1837. He was assistant teacher in Phillips Academy in 1834-5, tutor in Dartmouth College in 1836-7, and has been Principal of Phillips Academy, at Andover, Mass., from 1837 to the present time.

He has prepared, from the German, "Krebs's Guide for Writing Latin;" "Kühner's Elementary Greek Grammar;" and, in connection with Professor B. B. Edwards, "Kühner's Larger Greek Grammar." He has also published a "Memorial of Joseph P. Fairbanks;" "Method of Classical Study;" and "Classical Study: Its usefulness illustrated by Selections from the Writings of Eminent Scholars," with an Introduction by himself. Since 1852, during these varied employments, Dr. Taylor has been one of the editors of the "Bibliotheca Sacra."

He married Caroline P. Parker, daughter of the late



James A. Weston.

Rev. Edward L. Parker, December 8, 1837, and has three children living: James Edward, George Harvey, and Arthur Fairbanks. Charles Henry, the third child, died at the age of eleven years.

HON. JAMES A. WESTON.

THE ancestors of the Weston families in this country came from Buckinghamshire, England, early in the seventeenth century. Their name occurs frequently in the records of colonial affairs during that period, and in connection with such events as to indicate that they were of leading positive character. One of these men is mentioned as a prominent representative to the first General Court in Massachusetts, as one of the founders of the first Baptist church in America, and as a man of such integrity and ability as to "occasion the prayers of all good people that his life should be of much duration." They came to New England during the time when large companies, often of kins-people influenced by the controversy between Parliament and Charles I., sought together a home in the "new land," and were probably of the same or kindred families.

Hon. James A. Weston, of Manchester, N. H., is the lineal descendant from John Weston, who came to America in 1644, and finally settled in Reading, Mass., in 1652. His genealogy* includes men who have been prominent and useful in promoting the public welfare, and distin-

* John Weston, born in Buckinghamshire, England, 1631, settled in Reading, Mass., 1652.

John Weston, born at Reading, 1661.

Samuel Weston, born at Reading, 1689.

Jonathan Weston, born at Reading, 1731.

Amos Weston, born at Reading, 1767; moved to Manchester, N. H., 1803.

Amos Weston, born at Reading, 1791.

James A. Weston, born at Manchester, 1827.

guished for their superior financial and executive ability.

His grandfather, Amos Weston, came to New Hampshire in 1803, and settled on what is known as the "Old Weston farm," situated in the southeasterly part of Manchester, about two and one-half miles from the City Hall. It is in a section which was formerly a part of Londonderry.

His father, Amos Weston, Esq., who will long be remembered for the faithful and efficient discharge of every duty, and as prominent and influential in shaping and completing public enterprises and transacting the business of town and county in that judicious manner upon which so much of common prosperity depends, purchased lands and made him a home adjoining their family homestead, where he continued to reside until 1853, when he moved to the corner of Myrtle and Maple streets, in the city proper, at which place he lived during the remainder of his life.

In 1814 he married Betsey Wilson, who was the daughter of the well-known Col. Robert Wilson, and granddaughter of James Wilson, who came from Londonderry, Ireland, about 1728, and settled at the place now known as Wilson's Crossing, in Londonderry, N. H. Colonel Robert Wilson was born about 1730, and succeeded his father in the possession of their original farm, where he resided during his life. Betsey Wilson was born on the same old place, February 21, 1788, where she resided until her marriage. She died March 12, 1856. Amos Weston died June 1, 1858.

Mr. Weston, the subject of this sketch, was the youngest of five children, and is the only surviving member of the family of Amos and Betsey Weston. He was born on the "old Weston farm," August 27, 1827, where he remained most of the time until 1846, engaged in assisting his father upon the farm, except when attending school and teaching. He was educated chiefly at the district school and at the Manchester and Piscataquog academies, but pursued his studies,—devoting his attention to his chosen profession,

civil engineering,—at home, until he became highly proficient in that science. He taught school in Manchester and in Londonderry.

In 1846 he was made assistant engineer, and commenced work on the Concord railroad, laying the second track. In 1847 he moved to Concord, N. H., and was appointed chief engineer of that road, which position he has held ever since. For several years, in connection with the office of engineer, he acted as road master and master of transportation on the Concord and Manchester and Lawrence roads.

In 1854 he married Anna S. Gilmore, daughter of Mitchel Gilmore, Esq., of Concord, and in 1856 removed to Manchester, where he has since resided, devoting himself principally to his profession. As chief engineer, he superintended the construction of the Manchester and Candia railroad and the Suncook Valley railroad, and aided very essentially, by skillful and judicious management, in bringing those important works to a state of completion in the shortest possible time. He has attained a position of eminence in his profession, as one of the most proficient and accomplished civil engineers in the country.

Mr. Weston was the Democratic candidate for the mayoralty of Manchester, N. H., in 1862 and 1863, winning in the vote more than the party strength, and although the Democrats were greatly in the minority, was elected to that office for 1868, and again for 1870. No one of the many distinguished gentlemen who have held that position has conducted the affairs of the city more successfully than he, or discharged the various duties of an executive officer with more courtesy and consideration, as well as energy and decision, than have marked his official services.

He is of retiring, undemonstrative manners, yet of positive and well-formed opinions, and asserts himself more in results than by display and efforts for notoriety. His character is best illustrated by his profession of the civil engineer, upon whose skill and accuracy so many vast

undertakings depend. In vain to attempt the mighty works now being wrought out in every direction wherever the interests of mankind demand, if not planned and perfected with certainty by the engineer. All these wonderful achievements may be fully appreciated by the world, but the silent labor of those master minds wherein they were projected and first constructed will never be sufficiently honored.

LETTERS.

THE following letters were received from gentlemen who had been invited to be present at the celebration, but who were unable to attend:

[From Rev. Dr. McClure.]

LONDONDERRY, IRELAND, June 4, 1869.

MY DEAR SIR:

I have been from home some time, attending the meetings of the General Assemblies in Edinburgh. This must be my apology for not writing to you sooner. Many thanks for your kind letter of invitation. However delightful it would be to be present at your one hundred and fiftieth anniversary, I must deny myself the pleasure. My occupations at home are so pressing and numerous that I cannot leave. The citizens of the parent Londonderry, in Ireland, will be greatly interested in your proceedings, and we trust everything will go on prosperously and well. I will be very glad to have, either by letter or newspaper, an account of the ceremonies.

Very sincerely yours,

WILLIAM McCLURE.

R. C. MACK, Esqr., Londonderry, N. H.

[From Rev. Timothy G. Brainerd.]

GRINNELL, IOWA, June 3, 1869.

R. C. MACK, Esq.:

Dear Sir,—The invitation to be present and join with the thousands who will meet and celebrate the tri-semi-centennial of the settlement of “Old Londonderry” is received. Circumstances forbid my being present in *body*, though I shall be in *spirit*, on that occasion.

It would afford me great pleasure to see the faces, and exchange congratulations with so many friends, and to review with them God’s dealings with the early settlers and their descendants during some five generations.

Nearly thirty years ago, an aged Scotch Irish woman assured me that the men of my parish of that day had greatly degenerated from their fathers. But is this so? Have not the sons been worthy of their sires? Will not the descendants of these, whether found in “Nutfield,” or scattered abroad throughout the land, compare favorably with the descendants of any colonists who have settled in this country? Are they not now, and have they not always been, true patriots and the unflinching supporters of civil and religious liberty? Have they not always planted and sustained, side by side, the institutions of learning and religion?

I write not these things to flatter, but to remind the rising generation that these are the traits of character which have rendered their ancestors illustrious, and given them a world-wide renown, and that if they will honor the blood which flows in their veins, they must be like them and do like them. Then, when another one hundred and fifty years have rolled away, their posterity will gather in greater numbers on this consecrated ground to bless their memories and to swear eternal fealty to the grand princi-

ples of their fathers, which have suffered no dim eclipse, but have grown brighter as the centuries circle round.

With sentiments of respect and loving remembrance to old acquaintances, I remain,

Yours truly,

TIMOTHY G. BRAINERD.

[From Hon. William W. Campbell.]

CHERRY VALLEY, NEW YORK, June 3, 1869.

R. C. MACK, Esq.:

Dear Sir,—I have a partiality for such celebrations as you propose for the 10th instant. They tend to keep green and fresh the memories of a noble race of men. The descendants of the men who planted the settlement of Londonderry may refer with pride to their colonial ancestry. Their sturdy independence, their devotion to the cause of education and a pure religion, placed them at least on a level with the best of the early Puritan colonists.

I would be pleased to unite with you as a pilgrim worshiper at the shrine of my fathers, on the coming anniversary; but I have been absent from home all the past winter and spring, and cannot now leave again.

Very respectfully,

WILLIAM W. CAMPBELL.

[From Hon. James Wilson.]

KEENE, June 6, 1869.

MY DEAR SIR:

Yours of the 4th instant came to hand last evening. It has been my fixed purpose to be at Derry on the 10th instant, ever since I knew of the proposed celebration of the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the settlement of

the town, but I am compelled to advise you that it is, and will be, I fear, out of my power to fulfill that purpose.

I shall never forget my old Scotch Irish ancestry, and shall be with you in spirit on that day.

Yours truly,

JAMES WILSON.

R. C. MACK, Esq., Derry.

[From Rev. Dr. Fitz.]

IPSWICH, MASS., May 24, 1869.

R. C. MACK, Esq.:

My Dear Sir,—I was very much gratified to receive your beautiful circular and your very respectful note. You may be assured that my feelings are all interested in the occasion of the observance of the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the settlement of "Nutfield."

I thank you and the other gentlemen of the committee for designating me as one of the speakers. I cannot promise much in this direction, but will surely come if Providence permits, and will try to make a few desultory remarks touching some of the events and habits of the last fifty years or more. Should there be more speakers than there will be time to hear, I shall of course be content to be a hearer.

I trust the occasion will be interesting and profitable to the towns specially interested in it. I have endearing associations with Derry and Londonderry. My best wishes attend you and the occasion.

With much esteem and affection,

DANIEL FITZ.

[From Rev. Dr. Anderson.]

BOSTON, MASS., May 21, 1869.

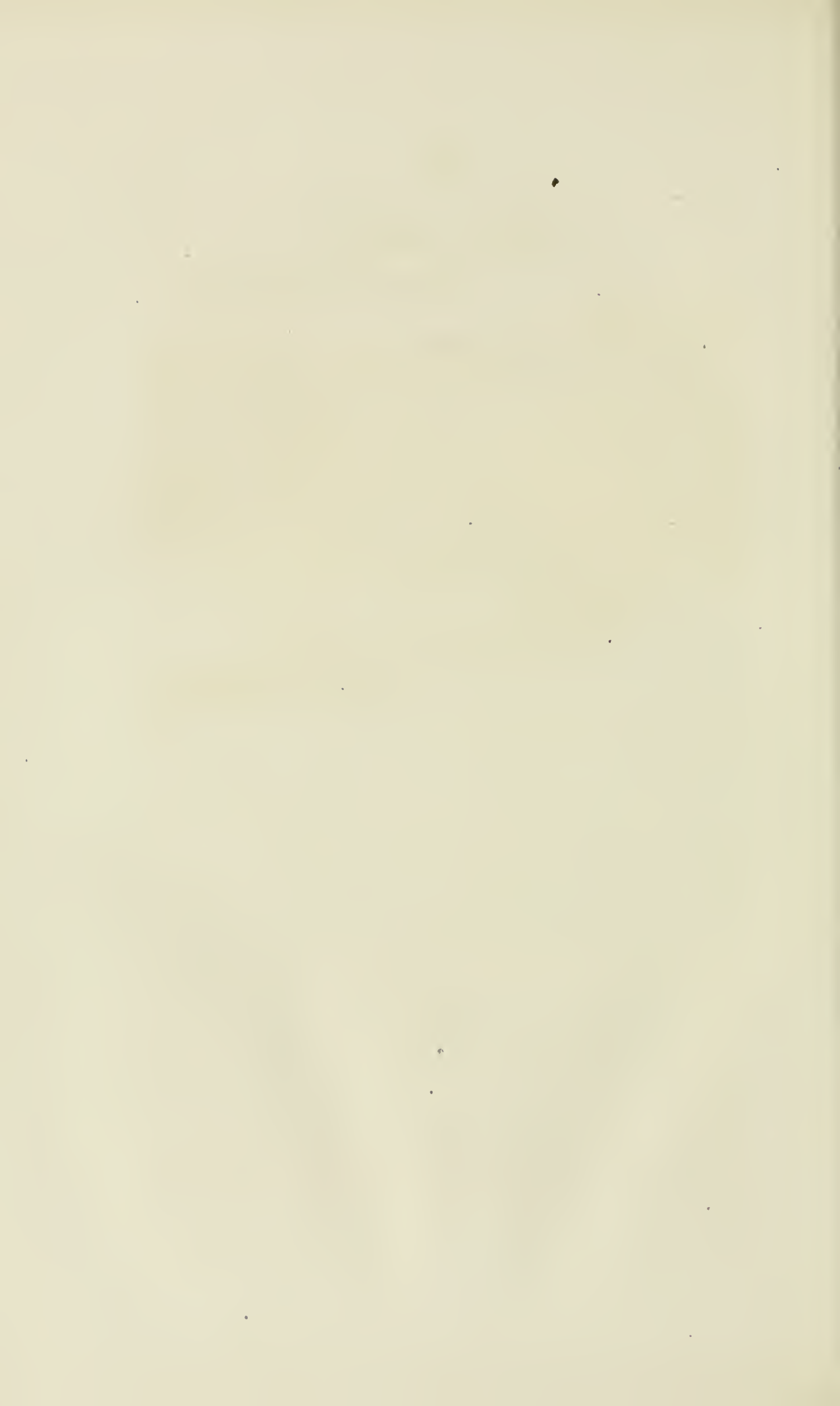
MR. R. C. MACK :

My Dear Sir,—My ancestors being among the settlers of Londonderry, and my honored father a native, I found myself drawn to your one hundred and fiftieth anniversary, and I was glad to receive your kind invitation to be present; but my relations and duties are such that I must go in an opposite direction about that time, and so must lose the advantage and pleasure of a stimulus to my Scotch Irish blood. I shall be with you in spirit, and may the God of our fathers add his blessing to the occasion.

I am, dear sir,

Very respectfully and truly yours,

RUFUS ANDERSON.



ANTIQUARIAN TENT.

IN a small tent, near the large one, the following articles were on exhibition. They were mainly collected in Derry and Londonderry, and multitudes of people manifested much interest in the examination of them :

A model of ancient stocks, used for punishing sleepers in church, and other offenders, made by Mr. B. F. Gregg.

A hog-yoke one hundred and twenty-five years old, illustrating the by-law on the town records providing that all hogs shall be yoked from the first of June until the last of September.

Various Indian implements found in Londonderry.

A pane of glass from the second dwelling-house erected in town, two inches wide by three inches long.

The lunch box of John Wallace, the ancestor of Rev. Dr. C. W. Wallace; contributed by Mrs. Jonathan Aiken.

A scout-horn, used in watering linen.

Plates brought over from Ireland in 1720, by emigrants, who, soon after embarking, were captured by a pirate ship. Soon after the capture, a daughter was born to one of the emigrants on board the pirate ship, to whose possession the plates subsequently fell. They are now the property of her great-grand daughter.

A large iron pot, brought from Ireland in 1718, and used in common by the first sixteen families, for culinary purposes.

An iron tackle from the ship which brought over the first colonists in 1718.

The barrel of the first drum used in the town.

A pair of ancient snow-shoes, from Mr. Foster T. Bailey.

An ancient compass, which was used in surveying and laying out many towns in Hillsborough county.

Candle-wood torches and tinder-box.

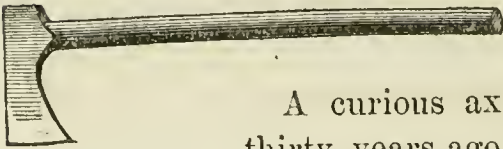
Hackle for carding flax.

An ancient foot-stove.

A powder-horn, used at the siege of Derry, in Ireland, and brought over by Rev. James McGregore, the first minister; also, Mr. McGregore's small horn drinking cup.

Ancient sun-dial, once the property of Deacon

Thomas Patterson



A curious ax, made one hundred and thirty years ago, by

John Mack,

Various implements, illustrating the manner of lighting the dwellings of the early settlers, among which was a large wooden candlestick, the portion containing the candle being elevated or depressed by a wooden screw. There was also a small and curious iron cup, attached to a hook, by which it was hung on the crane to keep the tallow in it warm.

A large number of autographs of the early settlers and other prominent men of the town.

A well-preserved pine-tree shilling, which was sent to Ireland soon after the settlement of the town, as a speci-

men of the currency, and there kept till 1842, when it was given to Dr. James McKeen, of Topsham, Maine.

Photographs of silhouettes of Hon. John Prentice and Gen. George Reid.



John Prentice Gen. Reid

A pillion, contributed by Charles C. Parker, Esq.

The McGregore coat of arms, contributed by Mr. Alexander McGregor.

Samples of the wedding dresses of Elizabeth Clark and Annis Wallace.

Besides these, there were twenty specimens of the soil and rock of the old town, from as many localities,—from the “Five-and-twenty acre Meadow,” from “Brandy Rock,” “Moose Hill,” “Swords Point Meadow,” “Liggitt’s Hill,” “Rumney Marsh,” the “Standing Stone,” “Wigwam Meadow,” “Leverett’s Meadow,” etc., etc.

FAC-SIMILES OF AUTOGRAPHS

OF PROMINENT LONDONDERRY MEN.

John Goffe

Came to Londonderry from Boston, Mass., as early as 1719. He was of English descent, and to him, more than any one, is the "English Range," in Derry, where he settled, indebted for its name. He was the first town clerk.

Robt Rogers

The well-known Major Rogers, of the French and Indian wars. He was born in Londonderry, and his death occurred in England. A grandson bearing the same name of the Ranger resides in Derry.

John Wallace

Like most of the grantees of Londonderry, John Wallace settled and lived upon his "Home Lot," and there he died in 1777. His was the fourth lot in the Aiken's Range, the same that is now owned and occupied by his great grandson, David H. Pinkerton, Esq.

Ja. Macgregor.

The first minister of Londonderry, was born in 1677, and died in 1729. During his brief pastorate of ten years, his influence in town was unbounded in matters temporal as well as spiritual.

A Gun carried in the famous siege of Derry, in 1688-89, is now in possession of A. F. Hall, Esq., of Manchester, N. H. Additional interest attaches to it from the fact that Mr. MacGregor always carried it into his pulpit on the Sabbath, well loaded and primed, to be ready in case of sudden attack by the "Indian enemy." It is well represented by the artist.

Robt Clark.

Settled in 1725, on a fine tract of land north of Lake Shoneeto, otherwise called Beaver Pond. He was a man of parts, and the town often availed itself of his scholarly attainments in matters pertaining to its municipal affairs. He died in 1775, on the evening of the day of the battle of Bunker Hill.



James M^c Keen

Better known as Justice McKeen, was a man of much consequence in the infant colony. He died in 1756. Among his many descendants are the Rev. Dr. Silas McKeen, of Bradford, Vermont, and Dr. James McKeen, of Topsham, Maine.

The first person born in Londonderry was

Jonathan Morrison

This event occurred September 8, 1719. He was an uncle of Hon. Jeremiah Smith. He removed to Peterborough, N. H., and thence to Vermont, where he died in 1778.

Macgregor

The first minister of the West Parish, was born in 1709. He died May 30, 1777.

John Dickey.

Born of honorable parentage, January 19, 1766, early engaged in trade, and was long a leading merchant in the West Parish in Londonderry. He served as town clerk three years, representative three years, and selectman eleven. In 1819 he removed to New York, taking with him seven sons and three daughters, all of whom are living and occupying positions of affluence and high respectability.

James Wallare

Lived on the farm now owned by Aaron Parker Hardy, in Londonderry. He married Mary Wilson, who was born on board the famous pirate ship in 1720. He died October 30, 1791, and is described by one who knew him well, as a "kind-hearted man, and a man of prayer."

Isaac Thorne

Was an eminent physician. He also kept tavern many years, and enjoyed great popularity as a landlord. He lived on the home lot originally laid out to John McNeil, and was the first postmaster of Londonderry.

William Morrison

Dr. Morrison was settled over the West Parish, in Londonderry, February 12, 1783, and continued its minister until his death, March 9, 1818.

Elias Hasket Derby

Long a successful merchant of Salem, Mass., died in 1799. To his sagacity and enterprise the country is indebted for the opening up of trade with the East Indies. He was father of General

Elias Hest Derby

Who resided a few years where the Hon. John Prentice had previously lived. He was the father of Hon. Elias H. Derby, of Boston, Mass., whose portrait may be found elsewhere in this volume.

Henry Campbell

Was a native of Windham, N. H., but married in Londonderry, and there he lived for many years. In his younger days he employed himself in teaching, and had the reputation of being a man of unusual intelligence. He was a fair representative of the Argyle stock. He died at Fletcher, Vt., April 11, 1813.

Belser Patterson

Was born in 1716, in the county of Antrim, in Ireland. He came to Londonderry in 1736, lived in the West Parish, and died March 28, 1800.

John Fisher

"The sweet remembrance of the just
Shall flourish though they sleep in dust."

William Patterson

Son of Deacon Thomas Patterson, was born June 4, 1789. In 1815 he took up his residence in New York. In 1837 and 1838, he was Representative in Congress from the Genesee district of that state. He died August 14, 1838.

DIVISION OF LONDONDERRY.

In 1827 the town was divided. The West Parish retained the old name, while the East Parish was incorporated under the name of Derry. The following named men were in active life at that time:

Peter Patterson

Manson Tucker

John Duncan

Robert Patterson

John Holmes

Thomas Patterson

Robert Mackie

Of these men, all are dead except the last.

THE DINNER, ETC.

THE number of people gathered to participate in the celebration was immense. It was judged by men used to estimating public assemblies, that not less than ten thousand were present.

The dinner was a bountiful and substantial one, and it can be truthfully said "a great multitude was fed." Some idea of the quantity of food furnished can be gathered when it is stated that a half ton of corned beef was provided, five hundred pounds of ham, five hundred pounds of tongue, besides an immense quantity of doughnuts, pies, tarts, cake, etc., provided by nearly every family in the town of Derry, Londonderry and Windham, together with baker's bread and an abundance of delicious coffee. Plates and provisions were passed through the tent, and all were served with more alacrity than we sometimes find at what are called first-class hotels. The ladies of old Londonderry deserve very much credit for the excellent cooking which they furnished on this occasion. The dinner was a social one, and a communion of friends which lasted more than an hour.

During the forenoon session, Gilmore's Band played most exquisitely the following music: "Nightingale Polka," "Soldier," from "Duchess," "Polka," Arbuckle, "Columbus Galop;" and after dinner, "Star Spangled Banner," "Bonnie Doon," "Battle Cry of Freedom," with inimitable variations by Arbuckle, John Brown, etc.

The newspaper press was represented at the celebration by reporters from the "Manchester Daily Mirror," and "Manchester Daily Union," the "Concord Monitor," and Concord "Statesman," the "New York Tribune," the "Boston Journal," "Advertiser" and "Herald," the "Amherst Cabinet," the "Nashua Gazette," and the "Telegraph," and the Lawrence "Sentinel."

The Derry squad of Amoskeag Veterans were accompanied by a band of veteran drummers and fifers, who made music like that of "ye olden time." The following are their names :

Drummers—Major Beals, of Chester ; Major Brickett, of Derry ; Charles Abbott, of Concord ; Major Lear, of Epsom.

Fifers—Major Gove, of Concord ; E. H. Brown, of Lawrence ; C. F. Wheeler, of Derry ; William Leach, of Derry.

Among the many distinguished persons from other states who were upon the speakers' stand, were Hon. John Bell Dinsmore, of Ripley, N. Y., and his brother, Hon. James Dinsmore, of Kentucky ; Rev. Dr. Silas McKeen, of Bradford, Vermont ; Dr. James McKeen, of Topsham, Maine ; Hon. William B. Dinsmore, of New York City ; Isaiah Dickey, Esq., of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania ; John P. Dickey, Esq., and William G. Dickey, Esq., of Livingston County, New York ; Rev. James Aiken, of Hanover, Mass. ; Hon. Samuel F. Humphrey, of Bangor, Maine ; John Pinkerton, Esq., John Anderson, Esq., and William S. Anderson, Esq., of Boston. A few ladies were upon the platform, and graced the occasion by their presence.

The compiler of the preceding pages acknowledges valuable assistance from many friends, especially from Hon. Charles H. Bell, of Exeter ; and he would not forget the kindness of Hon. George W. Patterson, Hon. Elias H. Derby, and Mrs. Mark Baker, of Tilton, N. H., to whose thoughtful generosity the readers of this volume are indebted for many of its autographs.

P O E M .

[THE following poem, from the pen of Dr. Sylvanus Brown, was written for the occasion, but received too late to be read.]

The red men from Nutfield have melted away;
There are none left to join us in worship to-day.
We find their spent arrows, but never a bone,
And the place of their graves here to us is unknown.

Our sires bought their land here, some good twelve miles
square,
And held from their sachem a title deed fair;
So they with our fathers were never at war,
For oppression and plunder all good men abhor.

They gathered for worship beneath an oak tree,
And the spot is still marked with a stone, as we see;
And raising their hearts and their voices in prayer,
Invoked His protection who first led them there.

McGregor his flock like a shepherd did feed,
A shining exemplar in word and in deed,
He led them in worship and joined them in work,
Nor did their good pastor from field-labor shirk.

They had one way of worship, and went to one place,
Not split into parties themselves to disgrace.
They were called the Scotch Irish — no matter the name,
Or whether from Shem, Ham or Japhet they came;
They were plain working people, and ate their own bread.
The naked they clothed, the hungry they fed.

When the land they had purchased they farming begun;
They smote down the forests and let in the sun;
They made them log cabins, and Gregg built a mill,
Where sawing and grinding are carried on still.

They planted them orchards, and good cider made,
And wielded the ax, and the plow, and the spade,
The hoe and the scythe, and the pitchfork and rake,
And all, but the lazy, good livings could make.

Their ashes are resting on yon goodly hill ;
Perhaps their freed spirits are guarding us still.
We will cherish their virtues and memories here,
Who carried their dead to the grave on a bier.

Then welcome to us this memorial day !
Ere the like shall return we shall most pass away,
To mingle with spirits akin to our own,
To see as we're seen, and to know as we're known.

LETTER FROM GOV. SHUTE TO COLONEL
JOHN WHEELWRIGHT.*

[Through the research and kindness of Colonel A. H. Hoyt, of Boston, editor of the "New England Historical and Genealogical Register," the following interesting and valuable letter is now, for the first time, made public. Colonel Wheelwright, it will be remembered, was one of the original grantees of Londonderry.—R. C. M.]

Boston, October 10th 1719.

SIR,

Yours of the 9th of October came safe to my hands with the Inclosed that you sent me at Piscataqua. What you said to me at Salem I remembered when the Assembly sat at Piscataqua and granted no Township to the Irish † People at Nutfield, neither did they acquaint me that they were warned off: I am very much of your Opinion that let the land belong to whom it will it will be advantageous to the Country to have these People upon it, and cou'd heartily wish that I might receive some account from Great Britain

NOTES BY COLONEL HOYT.

* COLONEL or JUDGE JOHN WHEELWRIGHT, of Wells, Maine, was a son of Samnel, of Wells, and grandson of the famous Rev. John, of Exeter, etc. It was from this Colonel Wheelwright that the settlers of Nutfield, afterwards Londonderry, purchased their lands. Governor Shute and the Council of the Province of New Hampshire granted the township an act of incorporation, June 21, 1722, after repeated petitions for the grant. The petitions were laid upon the table, and the matter postponed by the Council from time to time on account of the unsettled boundary line between Massachusetts and New Hampshire.

† The settlers of Nutfield did not relish this title. See address of those people to Gov. Shute, in *Belknap*, vol. iii., 346-49.

to whom the unsettled Lands in New-Hampshire belong. As to the Grant that you have from the Indian Sagamoors I have perused it, and think it the strongest that ever I read — but am informed that when it was shewn in England there was little or no regard paid to it.

I shall be very thankfull of the 500 Acres ‡ that you offer me if you can make me a good title to it — and shall be willing to do you all the Service in that affair that lys in my power. If that five hundred Acres that you offer me falls in Massachusetts District no doubt but then your Title is good, therefore I cou'd heartily wish that the lines betwixt the two Provinces were Settled, for I'm sure if New Hampshire complains home as they say they will, you will fare much worse than if it's settled amongst yourselves, for tho' you say the Danube and Other Rivers carry their Name even to the Sea, without any Alteration, yet I Know other Rivers that do not — As for Instance, from the Mouth of the Sea to Rotterdam and fifty Miles farther there is a River called the Mayes, but when it comes to Nurimnguen, it is called the Wall, and ten Miles farther it is called the Old Rine, and I'm told by very Knowing People that the River Merrymack does not keep its name to the Scourse of that water. I am Sir

Your hum^{ble} Servant

SAMLL SHUTE. §

‡ Governor Shute received a grant of five hundred acres of land, together with a "Home Lot" of sixty acres from the proprietors of Londonderry.

§ Governor Shute was appointed to succeed Colonel Dudley as Governor of Massachusetts and New Hampshire, November, 1715; held the office about six years; returned to England in 1723; died in 1742. He seems to have been a fair-minded man and an upright magistrate, but he had a hard time of it with the impracticable spirits around him. He was an early and steadfast friend of the settlers of Nutfield.

ERRATUM.

Page 38, 7th line from bottom, for "Persia" read *Russia*.



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